

VERSAILLES, THE CITY OF NEMESIS. By Charles Whibley.
AMERONGEN AND MIDDACHTEN CASTLES. THE REFUGE OF THE KAISER.

COUNTRY LIFE

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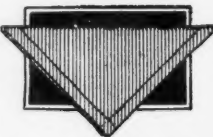
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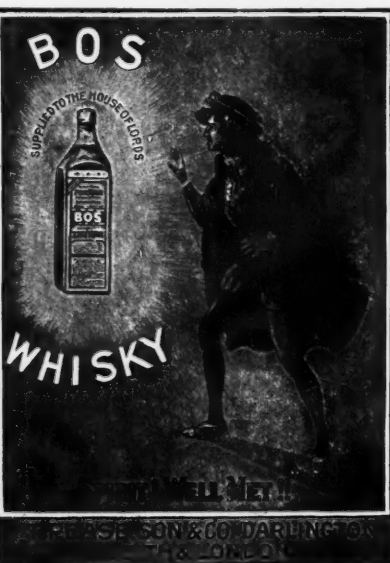
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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor would be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him; but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can only be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

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Soldiers' Settlements

IN spite of all the activity and speech-making which took place in 1915, the end of the war finds the country provided with no adequate scheme for settling returning soldiers on the land. The situation is that the original plan of the Government has been carried out to a certain extent. But that extent is ridiculously small in comparison with what has to be accomplished. Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons the other night expressed regret and surprise to hear that only about thirty soldiers had been already placed and if the whole of the preparatory work were completed the numbers provided for would not form a tithe of those who might fairly claim a place in the scheme. So far the work has been done by the Board of Agriculture, and exceedingly well done too. If it were possible to multiply places like Holbeach, so that every county would have one or more, the problem would be solved. But it is on a very small scale in comparison with what is needed.

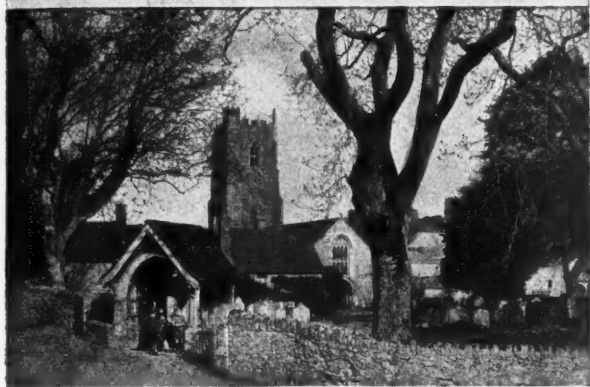
As a solution of the difficulty the older arrangement, then must be deemed unsatisfactory.

It is now generally allowed that more agencies should be set to work, so that land could be acquired in sufficient quantities to provide for the soldiers as their turn for demobilisation comes. Equally it is agreed that the County Councils would do this work better than any central body like the Board of Agriculture. The obstacle in the way is, as usual, the Treasury. Land cannot be acquired without funds, and the Government, saddled with war expenses, hesitates to supply them. A little Bill has been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Prothero, the chief object of which seems to be to enable County Councils to pay for land by means of annuities. But so far the President has not explained fully and clearly what the benefits are which he expects from it, and until he does that comment must be more or less wide of the mark. The main point, we imagine, is that the whole thing should be put on a plain business footing. Land has gone up in value considerably since the beginning of the war, and if areas had been purchased in 1915 they would have cost less than they would to-day. Ministers of the Crown are not supposed to speculate or to build upon a rise in price which may or may not occur. No one can anticipate all the contingencies of the future, but a private capitalist, if he were sufficiently well informed, would not hesitate; although there is no certainty of land continuing to go up in value, the probability of its doing so is good enough to justify purchase at the moment. This kind of property is almost sure to keep rising in value if the principle is continuously applied of increasing the productive power of the country. In that case money borrowed would be represented by realisable assets, and therefore would be a sound investment. Hiring land is not usually advantageous to a public body which has to relet it. The original owner may at any time die or sell his property, and so the occupiers could not possibly have that security of tenure which is one of the attractions held out to them by public bodies. Again, the land must have a good deal spent upon it before it is suitable for small-holders. It would never do to dump the soldier on a bare field. He must have a house to live in, sheds for his implements and crops, stabling for his livestock, and other conveniences which cost money. In Norfolk the majority of them have been cheaply obtained by dividing and utilising the spacious outbuildings with which large farms are equipped in that county. But even there holdings exist for which everything has had to be newly built. In the majority of cases, too, fencing, draining and roadmaking have to be done. If the district is a fruit one, capital must be laid out in the purchase of plants and trees, which are classified as permanent improvements. Obviously, less complication arises when this is done on land that is owned than occurs when the land is hired. The County Councils, then, should buy the land.

Another matter that should receive close attention is that in selected parts of the country small holdings are more easily worked by the occupier than by others, and the soil is so good that an income is easily made; while in other counties the land is poor and yields too little to the acre to give the small man an income. In such cases it would not be wise for the Government to insist upon a county which is more suitable for large than small for farming, providing its quota of small holdings. It would be better in the end to select the most suitable districts in any part of Great Britain and send the ex-soldiers to them. The scheme, in fact, is plain and simple, assuming that Mr. Bonar Law or whoever occupies the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer finds the wherewithal to pay. Such outlay as is incurred might very justly be reckoned as part of the expenses of the war. Our soldiers are returning to citizenship after devoting four valuable years to fighting for the country. For this they have received only a nominal payment, while those who remained at home have been rewarded lavishly. The claim they are now putting forward will assuredly be insisted upon. But the main thing, after all, is promptitude and energy in action. The business has been too long delayed as it is, and if the men are to be provided with holdings as they return, there is not an instant to be lost. It should be the business of the Board of Agriculture to see that the finances of the scheme are strong enough to hold water. No one desires to work it at a profit, but each County Council, we are convinced, could carry its own share through without loss if as much attention to detail were given as if it were a private enterprise.

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COUNTRY NOTES



KING GEORGE has sent out a series of dignified and fine messages to those who have been actively participant in the war. Through the Secretaries of State for the Colonies he has told Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Newfoundland that the whole Empire which pledged its word not to sheathe the sword has now redeemed that pledge and puts on record his satisfaction that at the end of the struggle the Empire is still more closely united. To the Viceroy of India he expresses the hope that the bond of brotherhood will endure in years to come. To the seamen he conveys a salute from the British Empire to the Red, White and Blue Ensigns and those who have given their lives for the Flag, recalling at the same time his pride in having served in the Navy. He reminds soldiers of the British Empire of the wounds, sickness and danger from which they have passed, but that in the midst of them all "your faith has never faltered, your courage has never failed." The new Air Force is congratulated on its magnificent work, self-sacrifice and devotion. In these messages the King has shown a wonderful tact in saying the right thing to each, and in all of them is the glow of a perfect sincerity.

OPINION, as far as can be gathered, does not differ in regard to the appropriateness of the armistice terms exacted from Germany. In considering them we must keep in mind first, that the armistice terms are not peace terms, and, secondly, that the object of the armistice was to prevent Germany from renewing the war. If the provisions are carried out—and this is not yet certain—they would effectually prevent it being possible for the enemy to begin hostilities again either by land or sea. Indeed, it is more than likely that those Germans who have been strongly opposed to the war will regard the terms as reasonable and necessary. They are not unduly humiliating, although it could not be contended that a great country which has always vaunted its warlike prowess should not feel humiliated at having to accept peace. But there is nothing in the conditions to prevent the Germans from setting about the ordering of their domestic affairs. As their new Chancellor has told them, the crowning need of the moment is that attention should be given to the food supplies. Hunger is a very deadly enemy and highly provocative of revolution. The impossibility of resuming their arms ought to produce an inclination to tackle the necessary and urgent duty of providing sufficient food supplies for rich and poor.

DR. SOLF has already, in a Note to President Wilson, protested against the conditions of the armistice. His chief point is that if the blockade is maintained after the war the people of Germany will be starved. But this contingency has been provided for by the Allies, who have agreed to see that the country is supplied with food as adequately as provisions will admit. Dr. Solf uses the phrase "these fearful conditions," but it is difficult to see how they could have been attenuated without danger to the world's peace. He may rest assured that there is no desire on the part of any of the Allied nations to deprive Germany of the means of feeding her people. Indeed, his objection can scarcely be based on any real ground for alarm.

AS a sub-current running below the "tumult and the shouting" on Monday there was a feeling which, perhaps, finds its best expression in the Prayer Book, "may they rest in Thy peace." Many who are familiar with the words in Church

and many who do not go to Church at all had the same feeling, though they might not have the same words for it. A Roman Catholic nation would give it full expression by means of a Requiem Mass. But if we think of the fallen we must imagine a body of men, mostly young, who in their persons represented every possible shade of belief. The feature they had in common was that they died for their country, and if they are conscious of mundane things now it must be a source of the purest joy for them to know that the victory for which they died is won. The end for which they went forth to fight has been achieved. Those who mourn their loss have the comfort of knowing that they *did not die in vain*. Also, as Time allays the immediate pangs of anguish it softens it into a beautiful and cherished regret, a regret that is not lessened but dignified by the growing sense of honour conferred on any family which has lost a member in the great war. He for ever has a place in the gallery of national heroes. Therefore, it would be well and seemly to hold a Commemoration Service that would in some way include the whole of the fallen. It would have to be free from creed or prejudice. He who has given his life to the country has sacrificed for it the most precious of gifts and deserves that the deed should be recognised and remembered.

A CORRESPONDENT, who for political purposes has been feeling the pulse of certain rural constituencies, informs us of a curious manifestation that is not political, but which should not escape the attention of politicians. He says that he found rural audiences, as a rule, rather oblivious to the merits of some of the schemes for the future explained to them, and they did not get excited over the subjects concerning which speakers hold forth in the House of Commons, such, for example, as the Irish question, reconstruction as applied to commerce, and things of that kind. But if a speaker happened to say, as some of them did, in emphatic tones, that they were out for suitably rewarding returned soldiers, there was invariably a tumult of applause. According to our correspondent, this is the question above all others that is interesting the rural voter of to-day and his wife.

FOR JOAN.

There's such a lot going on in the grass,
Though it's mown as short as it well can be.
Watch that earwig stealthily pass,
Like a jungle tiger in search of tea.
Twisting between this grass and that,
Under a clover leaf crouching flat.
(I'd not care to meet him alone, would you?
I'd do . . . but I cannot think *what* I'd do.)

Look at that little black spider there—
Its name is so big that I do not know it.
It has flung a line (but I cannot show it,
For it's frail as a dream at noon, my dear.)
From a fallen leaf to this grass-blade here.
And, crossing, it seems to walk on air.
(To cross it by night I'd simply not *dare*!)

These dear little grasses, just an inch high,
*Are raising themselves in jerks most sly,
From the ground where, two minutes ago, they lay:
"That lawn-roller's gone. Get up! Hurray!
He thought he had squashed me flat to-day."

And a mile and a half of this busy land—
I cover it all with the palm of my hand.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

* Have you ever watched them doing it, Mr. Editor?

HE goes on to tell about that new factor in the situation, the women voters, whom he estimates to form about a third of the constituency in a rustic neighbourhood. It would appear from his letter that feminine interest in politics is not going to be altogether a reflection of that of the man. New issues are being raised and discussed, a great many of them affecting the status of woman as a wage earner. Girls appear to have been considerably enlightened during the course of the war as to the possibilities of their making their own place in the world and obtaining the same rights as those of the male worker. But to go into this in detail, interesting though it would be, would carry us into that region of controversial politics which one is inclined to avoid as far as possible.

ONE point in regard to the woman voter deserves to be noted.

She must be over thirty before she can exercise her franchise, but that does not prevent the younger women from entering into controversy especially in regard to a matter wherein she can interest her elders. When Kitchener's men were training many of them made sudden marriages in the districts to which they were sent. Girl wives have seen very little of their husbands, but when the end of the war appeared to come in sight they at once began to express a desire to know what the Government was going to do for them, particularly in regard to land settlement. A number of these youthful wives were farm girls, or at any rate had belonged to the country all their lives, and are expert at many of the arts which help to bring success to the small-holder. They have kept such animals as pigs and poultry all their lives. They like the idea of growing fruit and either selling it or making jam. Still greater is the pleasure with which they look forward to having houses of their own with the land they cultivate lying all round it, and a chance, if they are successful, of acquiring it for themselves. This is a matter that they are always ready to discuss with political emissaries who are just now feeling the pulse of the rural voter. Public sympathy is with them, and, as far as the genuine rustic is concerned, the candidate will have most chance of success who is willing to lend a hand towards establishing the soldiers on the land.

IN his very interesting contribution to this issue Mr. Charles

Whibley, calls Versailles "the home of Nemesis," and that idea must have occurred to many people. Very seldom in the history of the world does it happen that those who have undergone so great a humiliation as the Germans inflicted on France in 1871 should behold a turning of the tables and the erstwhile victims become, in their turn, the judges. Versailles, in the course of its existence, has witnessed many striking scenes, but none more dramatic than this. In the Army there are still soldiers who fought in 1870, and in the country there is a large proportion of elderly men who remember the horrors, some of which Zola realistically embodied in his famous war novel. An accident that occurred during a visit of the present writer to France in 1915 brought vividly to mind the contiguity of the two wars. A shell fired in 1870 sank in a field a few miles from Noyon and was exploded in 1915. The French have long dreamed of *la revanche*, but few of them could have imagined or contemplated such a complete overturning of their mighty enemy as has now occurred.

EVEN in the midst of rejoicing those who either on a large or a small scale have been engaged in food production should on no account relax their efforts. Peace will bring plenty in the long run, but there is no prospect of its doing so in the immediate future. On the contrary, the food resources of the world will be taxed in order to provide the necessities of life for a half-starved continent. The more we learn of the economic issues in Germany and Austria, the worse they appear to have been. Critics have often urged that the blockade was ineffective, but the results show that they were speaking and writing without knowledge of the true facts. Therefore it should be scarcely necessary to urge that additional attention, if possible, should be given to the cultivation of the soil. Next year this country will probably be more dependent than it has ever been before on home-grown foodstuffs. Now is the time to make preparation for the coming emergency. That is why we urge that neither the spade nor the plough should be allowed to stand idle.

FLYING from the wrath of his people, the once arrogant and overbearing Kaiser of Germany has had the luck, seldom accorded to fugitive potentates, of finding a princely refuge with the Counts Bentinck of Holland. The family are, as is well known, closely connected with the English Bentincks, and, like them, are great landowners in their own country. Middachten, Amerongen, Zuylenstein are only a few of the great residences of this powerful family. The history of Amerongen is tinged with a romance which bears some little resemblance to that which clothes Traquair House in Peeblesshire, closed after the '45 until the Stuarts should be restored to their throne. The story of Amerongen might have been taken out of a book of fairy tales. It was closed in 1780, but kept in order by servants, although never occupied by its owners. A correspondent who draws our attention to the strange history of the house tells the tale of the wonderful re-entry as it was related to him by Count Godard Bentinck. In 1890, when he came into possession, his first

entry into the house was a wonderful and amazing revelation. Instead of finding it empty and neglected, each door as it opened disclosed a room beautiful in itself and all kept as though under the eye of a fastidious owner. Superb furniture, marvellous tapestries, wonderful cabinets, stores of silver, original and beautiful bedspreads, beds, and everything else prepared and ready as they had been for more than a century for the new occupier. It must have especially delighted Count Godard Bentinck, who has the keenest appreciation of all that is best in furniture, pictures, and art. What pleasure it must have given him to find that the doors had been closed almost in the year when the epoch of splendid furniture was closing and the dawn was at hand of that nineteenth century when taste sank to its nadir. Thus was preserved a beautiful and complete house filled to overflowing with the good things which a rich and artistic family had gathered round it during the years when the finest artistic feelings permeated the atmosphere.

THIS week we have not been able to publish the plans for the cottages in local materials which are to be put up for the guidance and help of those wishful of active participation in the work of providing the working class cottages so much needed in Great Britain. Next week, however, we hope to give the plans as they have been drawn by Sir Edward Lutyens and Mr. Alban Scott, accompanied by a clear description. By means of this experiment it ought to be possible to show several things of the greatest importance. First, that the strain on railways and other means of locomotion may be avoided: by using material found on the spot the transport difficulty can be overcome. Secondly, the only practicable way of using all these materials will be demonstrated; and, thirdly, an actual cottage will be produced which will assist those engaged in building, and doubtless they will also be grateful for having the financial side of the undertaking thoroughly explored. Over and above these practical recommendations comes the æsthetic one which has often been insisted upon by lovers of the diverse beauties of our English countryside. From the point of view of harmony between a house and the scenery in which it is set the value of the use of local materials is too obvious to need emphasising here.

MONS.

August, 1914—November, 1918.

Four years you've waited for your comrades' tread—
A single grain has dropt
Within the hour-glass of Eternity
For you, who died.

Four years we've waited to return to you—
Long years of pain and toil—
The laurels of our victory we bring
For you, who died.

E. M. MILLS.

LOVERS of poetry will, we are sure, give an exceptionally cordial welcome to the new "Songs of Angus" which we are publishing for Violet Jacob. The effect produced on the most refined and intelligent of readers is reflected in the little article from Miss Isabel Butchart which appears in another column. With many of us it is exactly the same as with Miss Butchart. Those little songs in the dialect of Forfarshire with their humour, pathos and humanity do not call for intellectual criticism so much as create a feeling that they have entered into and become bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, just as such pieces of Shakespeare as "Fear no more the heat of the sun" or Burns' "Had we never loved sae kindly, had we never loved sae blindly" pass into our very being. This is largely because Mrs. Jacob is original in a sense different from what is generally understood. Her words are the homeliest, her metres simple, her thought clear as crystal. That originality in form which often turns into the grotesque or bizarre she does not attempt, but the originality that means being true to herself comes with nature, and it is the more attractive because that self is richly gifted and many-sided.

FOR the illustrations which accompany Mr. Charles Whibley's article "Versailles, the City of Nemesis," we are indebted to the monumental work on Versailles: Its Château and Park, by M. Gaston Brière. The French Government, as these pictures of the palace of Louis XIV prove, is indeed to be congratulated on the splendid manner in which from time to time the glories of its historical buildings are placed on record.

BRITAIN'S PROUDEST MOMENT

MANY years must elapse before the Great War and its happy conclusion for the Allies can be seen in its true perspective and proportion. Those who have lived during the four years of trial and suffering have had their attention distracted by a thousand minor issues and petty strifes. We are naturally a free-spoken and grumbling people who like to speak our minds on all the minutiae of the passing show. But, as time flows on, the little things will be forgotten and the greatness of the event appreciated. If there is a single member of the British Empire who does not feel prouder of his citizenship to-day than he ever was before, that man is not to be envied. It is only needful to cast back the mind over the triumphs which a world conqueror achieved of old to recognise how hard it is for a peace-loving people to withstand the onset of one nursed in war and trained to arms. Before the war it was frequently asserted by evil prophets in our midst, and readily believed on the Continent of Europe, that the British race had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. Decay was assumed to have set in, and the German dream was nourished by the belief that the tree had only to be shaken for the fruit to fall. Treitschke, Bernhardt and their crew laid it down as axiomatic that war was the supreme test of a nation's right to exist. In those days they freely promulgated the doctrine that Might made Right. It is significant that one of the earliest post-war pronouncements from a representative Teuton was a denial of this long credited principle. Prince Max of Baden in a message to Germans living in foreign countries said that Might did not make Right. He was, of course, alluding to the overpowering strength of the Allies, but at the same time he unconsciously contradicted the teaching on which German policy during the last fifty years has been founded. It used to be freely argued at the same time that the constitution of the British Empire was so lax and feeble that it could not possibly hold together under a formidable attack. The opinion was not merely theoretical. It was acted upon, and the calculation made that when England was confronted with a real fight for existence the more remote parts of the Empire, such as Canada, Australia and India, would seize the opportunity to revolt. Nobody expressed any similar view of the German Empire; but, on the contrary, it was held that the structure built up by Bismarck and the King of Prussia was the most enduring of political institutions. Argument was not wanting to show that strength lay in an iron discipline and unhesitating obedience to authority. We know from books of memoirs and other authentic sources of information that the great men of Berlin were in the habit of jeering at British methods and British watchwords. They belittled Parliament, they belittled the position of the Sovereign, they belittled the power of the race to hold its own in conflict. The war was primarily one between autocratic government and free institutions. At the start the latter were severely handicapped. Except for that "sure shield," the Fleet, as King George described it at the beginning and at the end of the war, there was, practically speaking, no preparation. After the long and peaceful reign of Queen Victoria it does not seem to have entered into the minds of our statesmen that the British Empire's existence would ever again be challenged. It will be proudly related as long as the race exists how resolutely the unmartial English nation set about remedying its defects and how loyally the distant Colonies and Dominions rallied to the banner of the Motherland. Germany and Austria together had the most gigantic armies ever brought into the field. The men had been trained to a hair, the officers steeped in military science, and it was not uncommonly said that no power on earth could hope to grapple successfully with this gigantic war organisation. Just for a moment English writers and statesmen believed in an easy decision. The fact that a country has never suffered defeat naturally inspires a confidence in danger of going to excess. The soldiers of the first seven Divisions—that immortal band whose deeds will live for ever—went off gaily singing a music-hall song and vowing they would be back before Christmas. Lord Kitchener alone recognised from the first the full gravity of the position. He knew the German army and estimated it very highly. The speech in which he mentioned three years as the time which the war would probably last startled his fellow-countrymen. From that moment they began to realise the full gravity of the situation and set to work with a combination of enthusiasm and resolute will to prepare for that titanic struggle of which the retreat from Mons was but the prelude. The "Old Contemptibles" were only a handful

as compared with the legions to which they were opposed, but in their dauntless, unshaken valour and warlike demeanour they gave a sure indication that the stuff of which the armies of Wellington and Marlborough had been composed was not exhausted. They formed a miniature but perfect army, and their deeds are enshrined in the memory of all. The New Army, Kitchener's Army as it was called, had in it a standard to which it rose in a manner that thrilled Europe.

For months Great Britain was an armed camp. Everywhere soldiers were to be seen drilling, shooting, practising the arts of war. It would take too long to recount the deeds that gradually began to convince the foe that there was something more dangerous and menacing in the Citizen Army than he had dreamed of. It fought and endured with a tenacity beyond that even of the most highly trained German legions. At its side were the splendid armies of the Dependencies, vying with one another in valour and strength. Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders soon showed the blood from which they had sprung. Their example heartened and encouraged our French Allies, who, in danger of being overpowered at the first rush, rallied again and reproduced, alike in their leaders and in their men, the gallantry and daring of the knights of ancient Gaul. We are not, however, concerned at the moment with their brilliant deeds as much as with those of our own men. No one after the war will dispute that in a test of manhood the British race comes out second to none. We often speak in laudatory terms of past generations, but there is, in fact, no previous period of British history in which so fine an army could have been gathered together. Nor is this all the story. Those who had to stay at home rose to the occasion as well as the soldiers at the front, and the female part of the population, though they could not bear arms, developed a heroism and a devotion to duty which made them most worthy auxiliaries of the fighting Services.

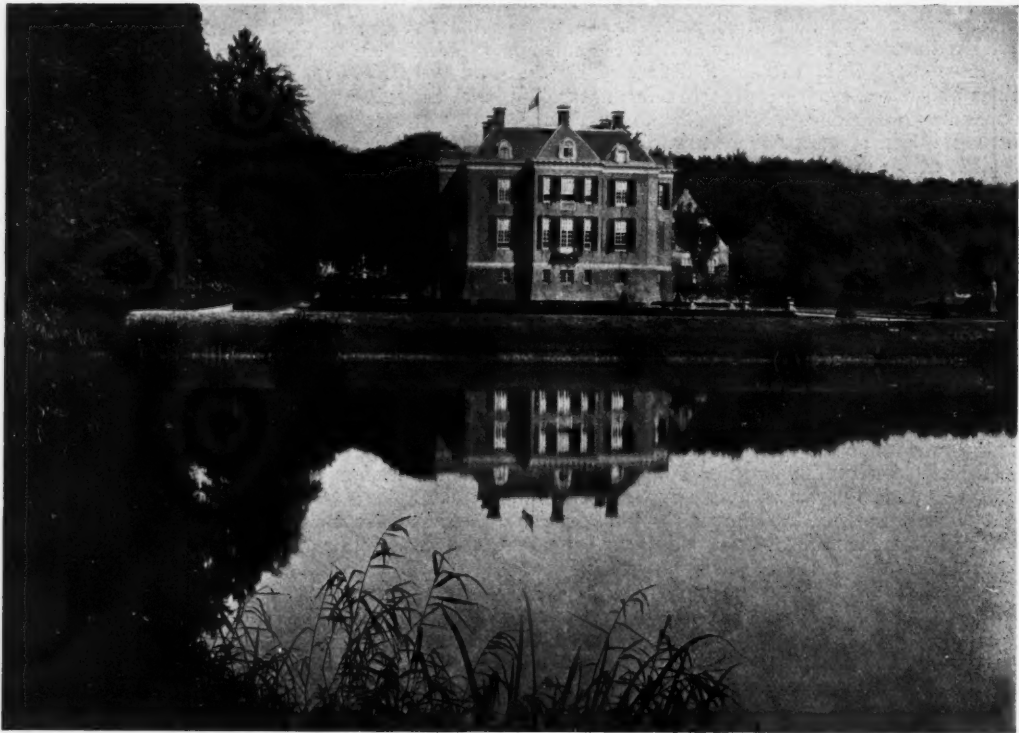
In novel and difficult circumstances the British Fleet was found to be composed of the same elements as it was in the glorious days of Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh, and Nelson, the most heroic sailor of them all. This is the more to its credit as the part assigned to our ships was not spectacular. The mine, torpedo and the submarine are effectual preventives of daring deeds similar to those which characterised the Battle of Copenhagen. But steadfastness and courage were required to an unusual degree in the long watch on the deadly foe. The German mercantile fleet passed out of commerce into internment capture or idleness in the docks of Hamburg. Her fleet ventured out in force only once, and then not long enough to complete the battle. The result was claimed as a victory by the German Emperor, but the sequel showed that the so-called victorious ships had no stomach for trying the conclusion again. The British Fleet certainly gave the lie direct to the legends of British decay.

The end was the victory celebrated on Monday last, the greatest ever achieved in the annals of the race. It leaves behind a picture which is the reverse of that imagined by our foemen. The enemies are broken and scattered; kings, principalities and powers founded on absolute government have gone to pieces. The chief cause of anxiety at the moment is lest those countries which were supposed to be the best governed in Europe should be so absolutely dissolved that there exist no responsible body with whom to deal. Austria and Germany lie stricken and helpless, victims of their own ambition. While the papers are full of rumours of their terrified and fugitive rulers, the strains of the National Anthem keep pealing throughout England. The loosely held British Empire has been knit together by the sharp experience of war. During all those years Great Britain has been able to show an unbroken front, and the revolutionary forces which have been victorious elsewhere have made no headway here. It is in very deed Britain's proudest moment, and it is so because the power of freedom has been asserted and shown to be in the end greater than that of absolute government.

We have never, even by our enemies, been called a braggart nation; but before returning to the more hum-drum duties of life a little space of time may be given to reflecting that generations yet unborn will be proud of the ancestors who fought through the four years' war with an unshakable and steadfast resolution and who maintained intact the tradition of justice and humanity. Our men have shown themselves worthy of their descent and worthy of being progenitors of a posterity that will struggle, as they have struggled, to render war impossible, to discard it as a list relic of barbarism.

THE FLIGHT OF THE KAISER

HE SEEKS REFUGE IN HOLLAND WITH THE COUNTS BENTINCK AT AMERONGEN & MIDDACHTEN CASTLES



MIDDACHTEN CASTLE.

NOTHING could have been less in keeping with the ex-Kaiser's love of pomp and ceremony than the departure from the Fatherland. His reign ends with none of that grandiose air associated with its thirty years. If he had taken the Roman way, none would have blamed him, and if he had given up his sword like a gentleman he would have earned some title to respect. But his flight had no element of dignity about it. A very lively account of it is supplied by the special correspondent of the

Morning Post, whose prelude is the story of a Dutchman asking a German if he thought the Hohenzollerns would be able to resist the conditions imposed upon them. The prompt answer was:

"Nein, nein, ich glaub' es nicht. Die Firma ist zu viel kompromiert."

It was very characteristically Teutonic to speak of the Imperial family as if they were a mercantile company;



AMERONGEN CASTLE—THE UPPER HALL.



THE STUDY.

"the firm is too seriously compromised." The fugitives arrived at Eysden from Spa in sorry plight. They had made the journey from Spa in motors, and it is useful to know that the Kaiser wore a Prussian general's uniform. On that account the Dutch Government is bound to intern him. William is said to have looked pale and downhearted during his voyage, and one cannot wonder at it.

An Amsterdam paper describes him as looking very grey and careworn. In the village of Eysden there is a number of Belgians, and it was difficult to keep them from giving shape to their resentment. The Kaiser's retreat appears to be Middachten. It is the residence of Count William Bentinck. A preliminary visit was paid to Amerongen, another Bentinck castle. Count Bentinck, it is hardly necessary to say, is the head of the great house of that name and owns many fine properties. He is the chief living representative of the family from which came the English Bentincks, of whom the Duke of Portland is head. We are able to show some pictures of the beautiful old castles of the Bentincks. Middachten is Louis Quatorze, and characteristic of that famous period. A remarkable feature is the great moat round the house, which, however, is not very well seen in any of the pictures. The great staircase is a noble one, and altogether the house is worthy of a man in the position which the Kaiser once occupied. His habitation of the place may, however, give rise to no feeling of envy. As far as the outer world is concerned, the Kaiser's career is done; that is to say, his power of doing harm has been taken away. At one time he was the cynosure of European eyes. His sayings, his goings to and fro, his dress, his favourite chargers, his yachts and his hunting lodges were described with no less zest, because it was known that the Hohenzollern had a craving for advertisement and notoriety. It was made evident in everything he did. He put on his clothes and he postured always with the wish



THE GREAT STAIRCASE.



THE DINING-ROOM.

of making a striking and effective appearance, as has been fully described by the myriad of writers who have discovered during the past few years that they had material for making some sort of show of a book about a man whose name in one connection or another was always ringing through Europe. His fate invites comparison with that of other exile kings. But making that comparison only shows how many changes have occurred in the last few centuries. The ordinary practice of a king who was driven out by his own people in the olden time was to take up his residence with some friendly potentate where he could plot and plan for a counter revolution that would place him back on the throne. Our instances as far as this country is concerned are taken from the Royal Family of Stuart, who sought asylum in France at a time when the relations between France and England were strained to the point of breaking. Of the sequel to those resignations which took place during the war, but before that of William, we do not know in every case the outcome. In older times the deposed monarch was carried about from castle to castle till he died of some specified

disease in plain words, was foully murdered. The fate that befel the Czar, the first victim of this war, did not differ in essentials from mediæval examples. Only he was slain in open day. Foul play was suspected when the Sovereign of Turkey died. Ferdinand of Bulgaria escaped by the skin of his teeth. The Emperor Charles has gone no one knows whither, but he has never excited so much enmity as the others. Altogether there is not much encouragement for the Kaiser to be found in the history of those who wore crowns at the time when war was declared.

Wandering about the rooms of Count William Bentinck's historic castle or in its spacious grounds, he may well be imagined as thinking himself the subject of such a transformation as, according to the poet's fable, changed King Robert of Sicily into the figure of his own fool. Bitterly he will learn a lesson the war has taught, namely, that though the claimant to absolute monarchy may be so sure of his authority as to claim affinity with Deity itself, at a turn of fortune's wheel he can discover that he has won no man's affections, that none now is so low as to do him reverence.

WANTED: A HOUSING POLICY

THE advent of peace renders it imperative that a housing policy shall be agreed on and promptly applied. But a formidable obstacle blocks the way; it arises from the irresolution of the Treasury. In pointing it out we have no wish whatever to adopt a censorious tone. On the contrary, the right and predominant feeling of the moment is one of profound thankfulness. The first and paramount object was to win the war, and that in a manner which would remove for ever the menace to civilisation and peaceful development which was inherent in the attitude and ambition of Germany. For the achievement of this end boundless gratitude is due to the fighting Services and the civil government, to the former for winning the war and to the latter for working out conditions of peace which bid fair to render a return to the old and bad state of things impossible. Politicians who had to devote their energies by day and night to the limitless and innumerable tasks connected with and incidental to war may easily be forgiven if they were not at the same time able to give their minds to the question of housing, which, though of the highest importance when considered in regard to present comfort and future well-being, comes second to the pressing urgency of armour equipment, recruiting, food production and the other urgent necessities for beating the enemy and warding off famine.

Let it never be forgotten also that if the ship of State is now after a convulsive storm entering safe and tranquil waters, that result is in large measure due to those fighting men who for the sake of our children's children were content to accept a final home in the shell-torn fields of France and Flanders, the rocky fastness of Gallipoli, in Arabian deserts, or under the Syrian stars. They died to secure a better future for those who come after. No time should be lost, then, in realising for those who survive the fruits of that great sacrifice.

In order to do that, the first essential is for the Treasury to determine what help the State will give. Why help is needed requires little explanation. During war-time it was found necessary to interfere with that work of cottage building which had been going on with more activity than is generally realised in the years 1912, 1913 and 1914. Hence, if no more than the civil population were concerned, it would be incumbent on the State, a war expense, to assist in making good the shortage. But there are also our citizen soldiers coming back; shall we have to tell them that as the reward of their patriotism and valour they shall not have houserom even if lucky enough to find work? As if it were not bad enough that we expect our citizen to don uniform and risk wounds, captivity or death for a pittance, while the men who make weapons for him to fight with are rewarded with prodigal generosity!

No one disputes the obligation of the State. What is wanted is for it to be put into definite shape. In plain words, the first step towards realising a housing policy is for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to bring in a Bill asking Parliament to set apart an adequate sum of money. It is not possible to draw up an exact account just now, neither is it possible to start building all the cottages needed. Neither

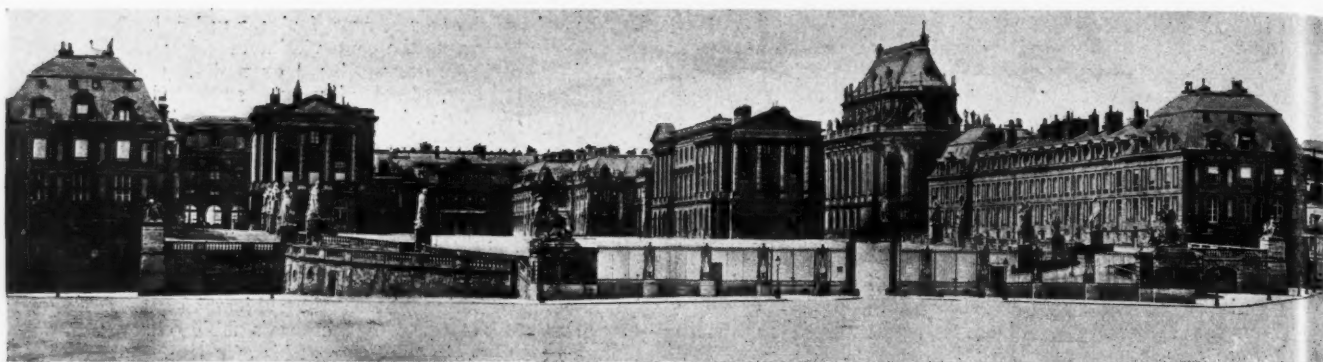
the material nor the skilled labour is available. Soldiers must be demobilised gradually after the peace conditions are settled. But if the sum of £25,000,000 officially mentioned in the spring were granted, the next step would be simple. It is a small amount as things go, but sufficient for a start. A deficiency will have to be made up, but no one can calculate its amount or say how circumstances will be modified.

The second step and not less important is to set up an executive that can grapple with the task. Committees have sat and reported and a vast deal of information has been garnered. But the time has passed for leisurely consideration, and the nation demands action which shall co-ordinate local effort and get something done.

Just as the shortage of shells brought into being a Ministry of Munitions, with Mr. Lloyd George at its head; just as the shortage of food impelled Mr. Lloyd George to set up a Food Production Department, so the present critical shortage of houses must be met by setting up a House Production Department. We are not concerned as to the Ministry to which it should be attached, whether to the Local Government Board, or the new Ministry of Health, or the Ministry of Reconstruction; that is a matter which can be settled later. What is wanted is a live organism with a vigorous political head responsible to Parliament, a vigorous administrator with some knowledge of the problem as the chief executive officer, and a team of experts and minor administrators to handle the pressing problems of town-planning, land acquisition, materials, labour, design and, above all, local organisation without a moment's delay. Above all, there is a question of output which must be organised by men who refuse to be daunted by the innumerable and obvious difficulties of the situation.

It is realised that there are about four hundred thousand men who have married during the war, but have never set up house because they have been away fighting, and their wives have continued to live under their parents' roofs? Where are these people to live? The provincial papers are full of advertisements offering five pounds or ten pounds for the key of a house. It is the simple truth that the houses do not exist, and it is no use now to ask why the responsible ministries have not laid complete plans for beginning to fill the need at this moment, when peace has caught them unawares.

The fact remains that the machine is not only not ready, it does not begin to exist, and must be invented at once. In this matter the Prime Minister who has won the war for us has been ill served. No one will blame him that peace finds us as unprepared for housing the men who have snatched our liberties from the furnace of militarism. He has been the mainspring of those gigantic activities which have laid in ruins the plans of the enemy, and he will now be the guiding head of the no less gigantic efforts which we sum up in the word "reconstruction." That he will personally see to the building of a housing machine, and of a machine which will be as effective as the engines of war, we do not doubt, and we await with confidence from him the action which his subordinates have failed to take.



VERSAILLES, THE CITY OF NEMESIS

VERSAILLES is a city of luxury and calm. It has a well bred air, as of a courtier, long ennobled, who knows the world and takes the honours and dignities showered upon him for granted. When it was first designed for the residence of kings the Royal architects laid it out with no parsimonious hand. Its broad avenues and wide spaces prove unto this day that the friends of Louis XIV who built their houses about the great Château were not asked to be sparing of the land or to stint themselves of parks and gardens. So it is that at Versailles nothing obtrudes itself upon your sight. The houses are dimly visible in the avenues, and the empty streets are oppressed by a stillness which is the true symbol of aristocracy. That men should have worked and suffered at Versailles seemed scarcely credible in those far-off days before the war. Nowhere did that which is called the "people" force itself upon your attention, and what were the barracks but a relic of ancient pomps and past ceremonies?

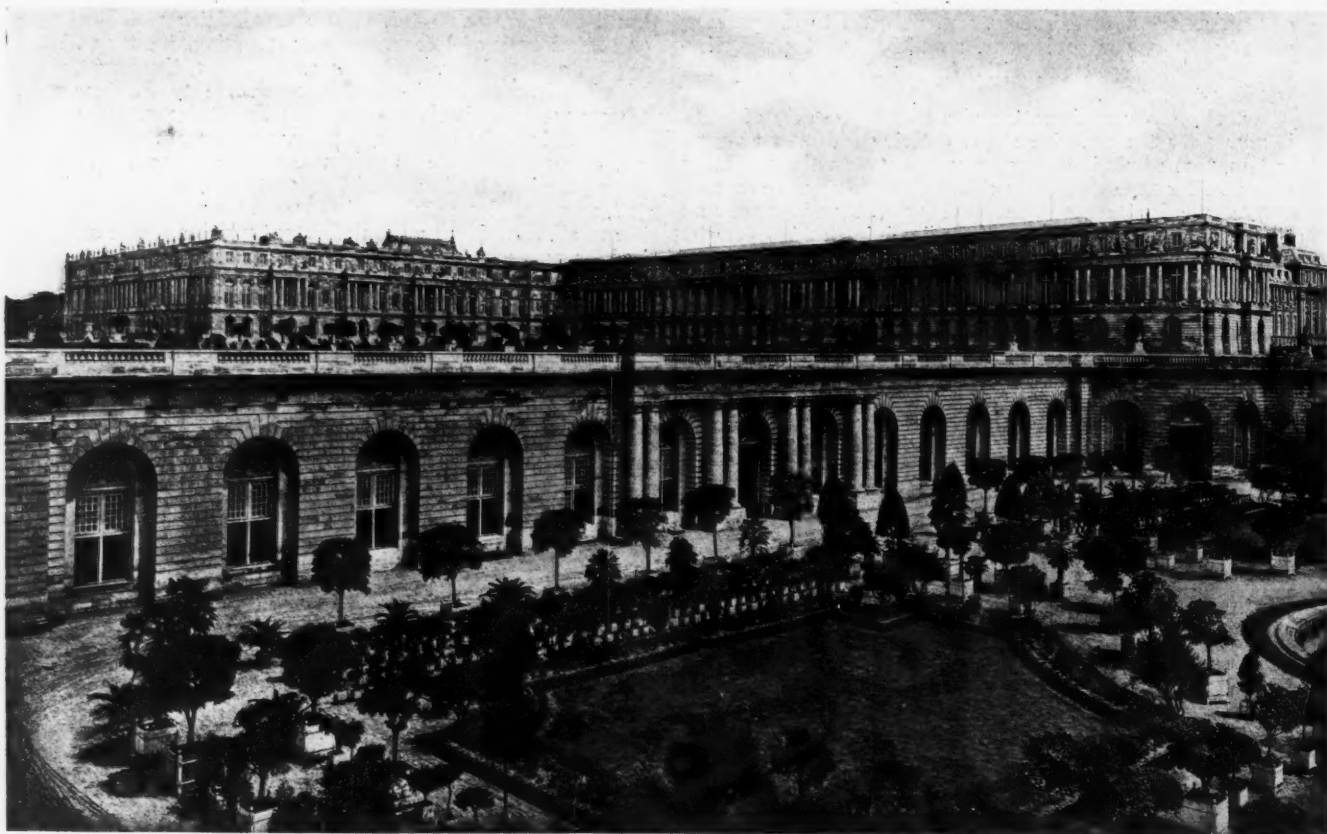
The most of cities, like the most of men, wear on their faces the marks of time and care. Versailles is unchanged and unchanging. Dynasties pass away, one form of government succeeds another, and Versailles remains always the same—a gracious monument to the glory of the arms and arts of France. There in the Château are gathered together all such national heirlooms as attest the courage and glories of her sons. The pictures, maybe, are grandiose rather

than beautiful, yet do they not celebrate great victories won in the field? Are they not a clear proof that the Third Republic looks back with enthusiasm upon the deeds of heroism which were done when Louis XIV sat upon the throne, or when Napoleon led his legions forth to the conquest of Europe?

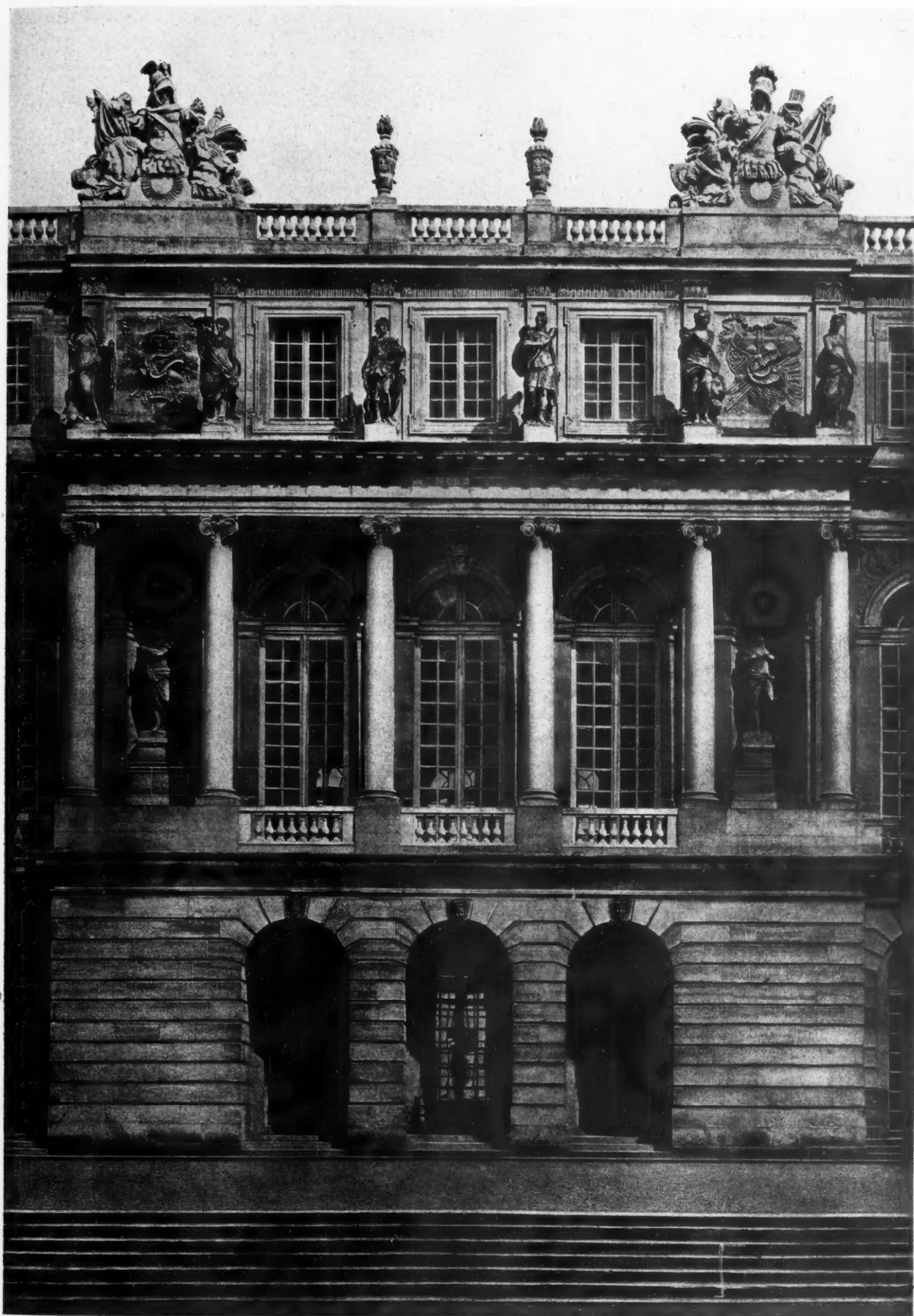
And this is the paradox of Versailles: though it is unmarked by history, though upon the days of common experience the visitor's footfall echoes in the silent streets, great events have not passed it by. Again and again Versailles has been the centre of French activity, and then it has suddenly resumed the tranquillity of a staid and peaceful town. Even now, when a President is to be elected, Versailles knows a crowded day of glorious life. The Hôtel des Réservoirs, that house of many meetings, is thronged with the politicians of France, talking, arguing, eating, as though the future of their country hung upon their eloquence and their appetite.

In the elegant theatre, once the resort of kings and courts, the votes are cast, and France finds at Versailles another figurehead for her short-lived government. And then once more a solemn calm possesses the broad avenues and vacant streets of the city, a calm which will remain unbroken until another election awakes the echoes of the Salle des Pas Perdus.

The true founder of Versailles as we know it to-day was Louis XIV, who, with Mansart's aid, built the Château



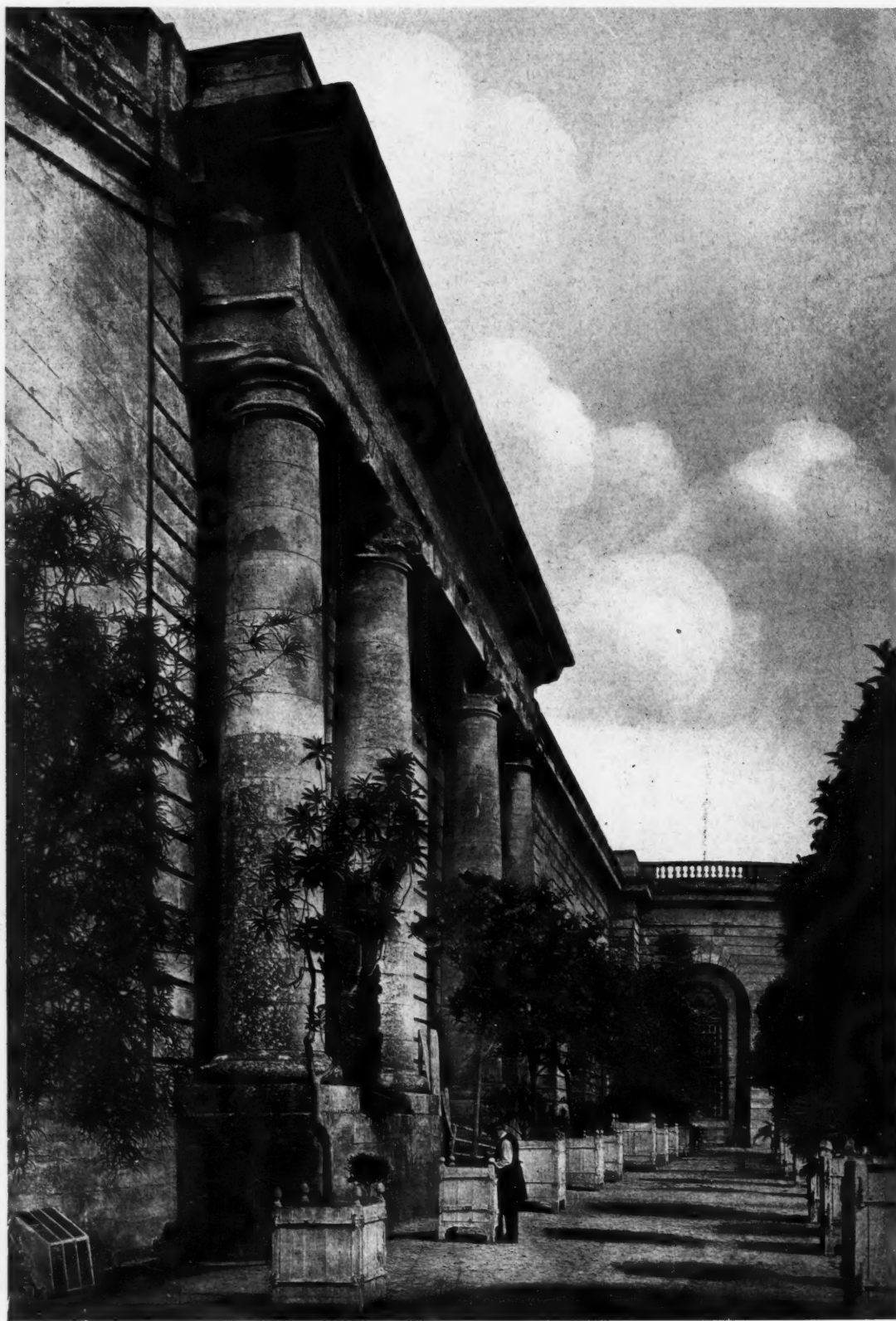
THE CHATEAU AND THE ORANGERY.



THE CENTRAL BLOCK OF THE GARDEN FRONT.

and who bade the famous Le Nôtre devise the gardens. Nor can it be denied that something of the grandeur of le roi Soleil still clings about the palace and the town. And yet when we recall the past of Versailles our memory lingers rather upon its days of tragedy than upon the glories of the Court. It was at Versailles that the storm of the Revolution burst upon the head of the hapless Louis XVI. To Versailles

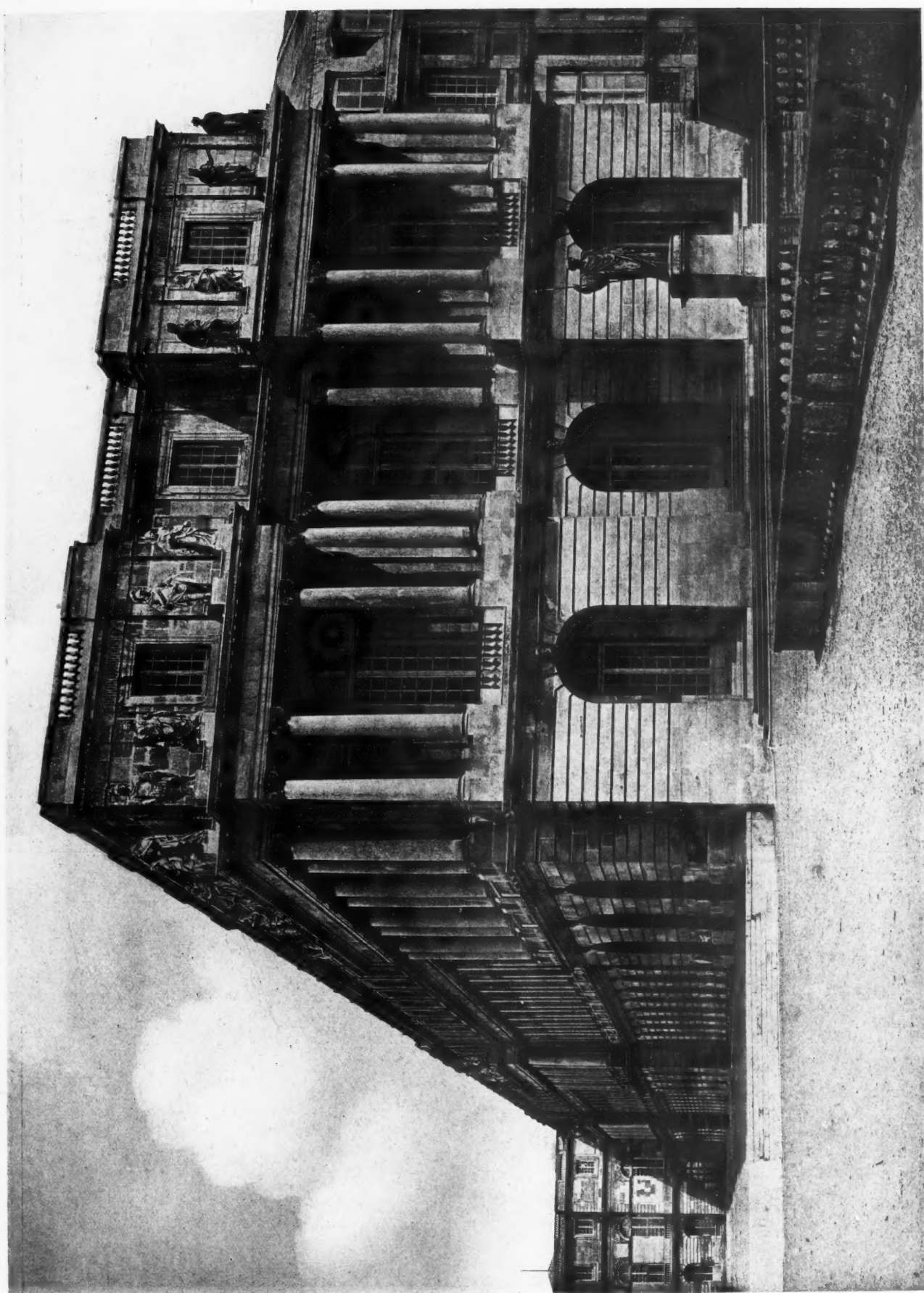
Germans at Versailles in 1870-1. It was the hour of Bismarck's triumph, a triumph which, if only the Germans had been gifted with foresight, might have seemed to them a sealing of Germany's doom. At any rate, when at last the Germans are expiating the long list of their crimes, it is interesting to recall the part played by Versailles in the dark year of France's history.



THE ORANGERY.

marched the Mænads of Paris, with Thémoiné at their head. From Versailles the King and Queen were driven by the Guards to seek a vain safety in the Capitol. But these events, duly set forth in the record, have left no stain upon the Château, and it was elsewhere that Napoleon held his Court. And not even the misery of Louis XVI holds so large a place in the world's remembrance as the sojourn of the

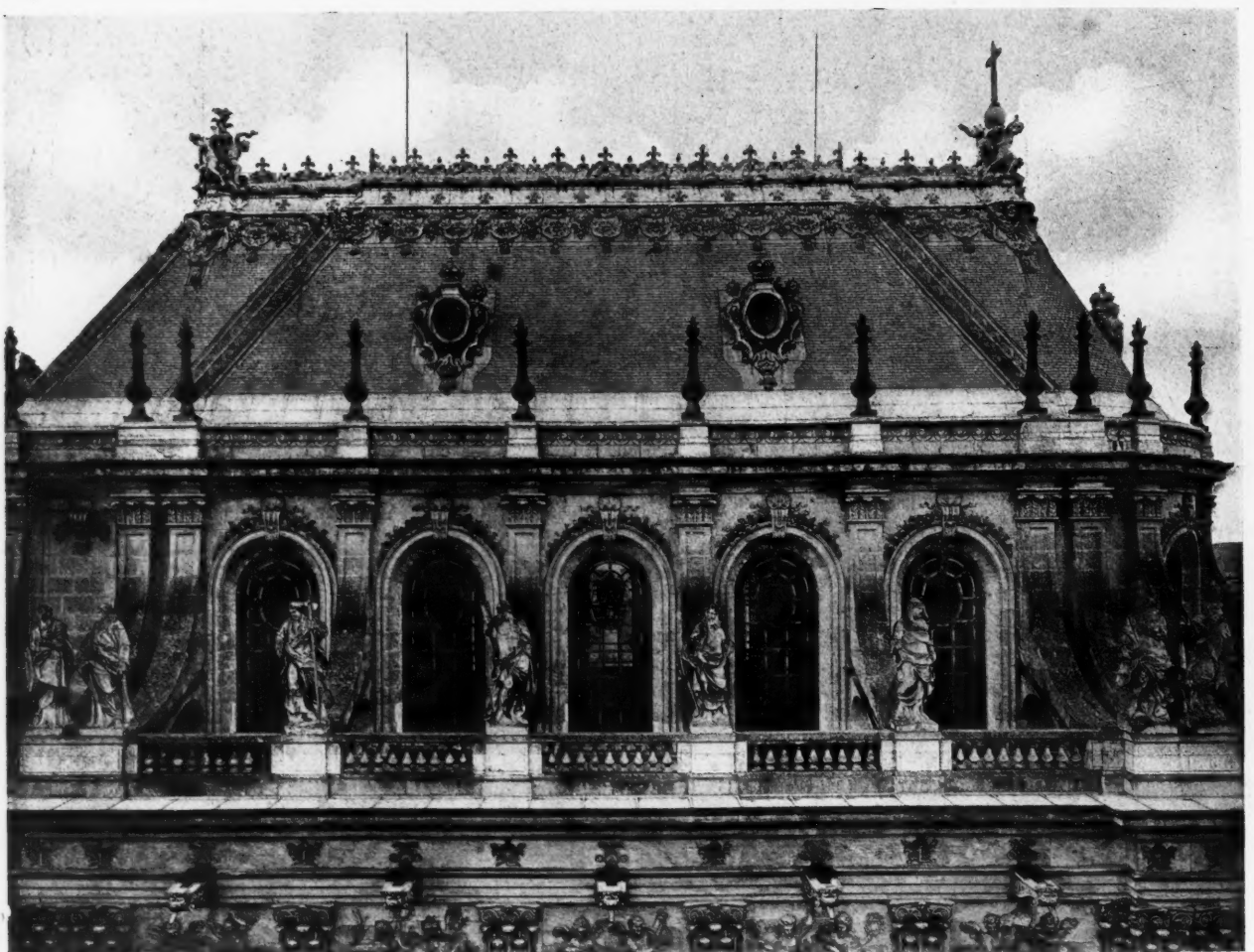
In the Franco-German War Versailles escaped the destruction which fell pitilessly upon many towns and villages in the neighbourhood of Paris. But if the hand of the Vandals fell not heavily upon her she suffered the deeply humiliating fate of harbouring the enemies of the Fatherland. On October 6th, 1870, Bismarck, attended by the faithful and garrulous Busch, arrived at Versailles. Bets were made by the noisy



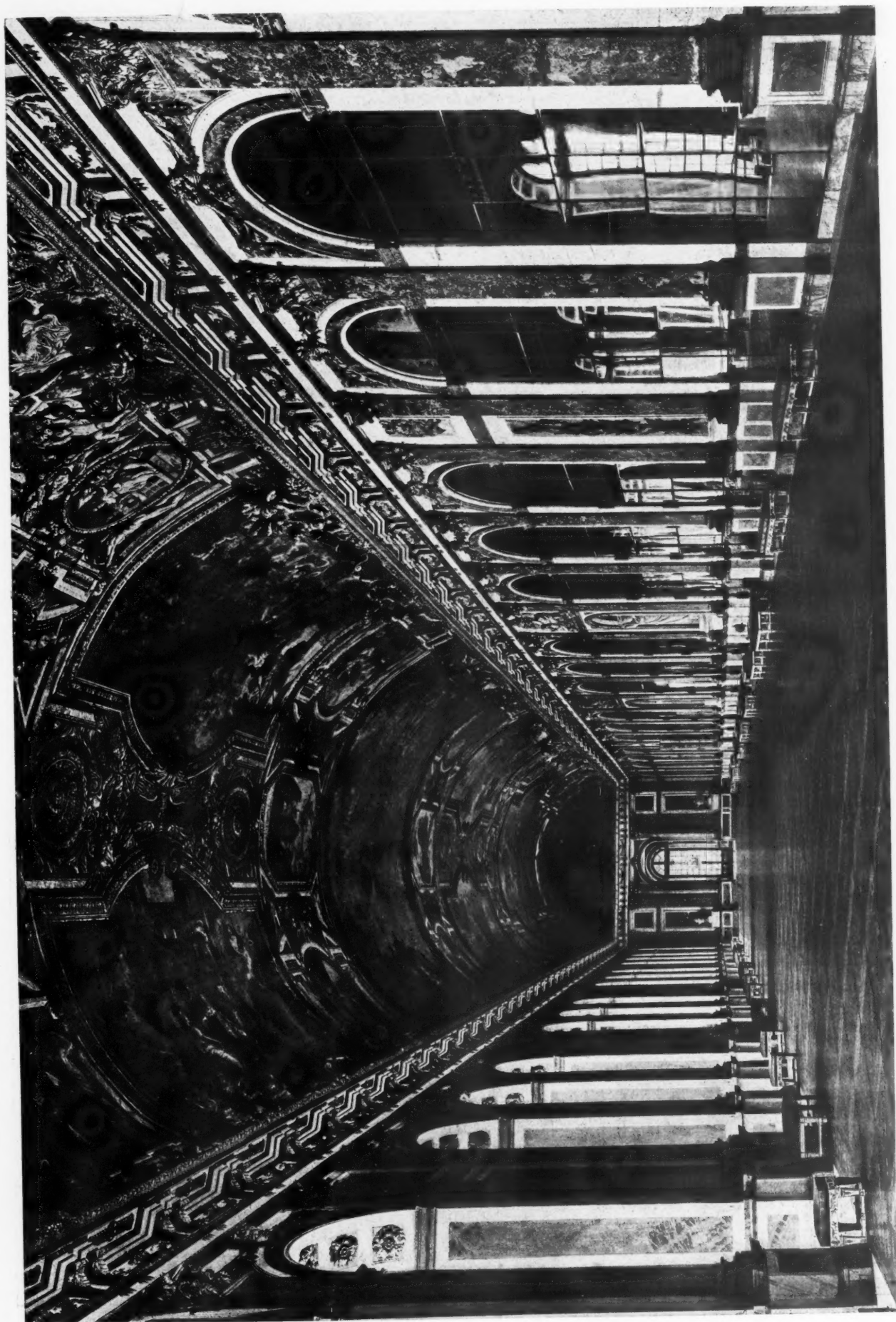
AILE DE MIDI.



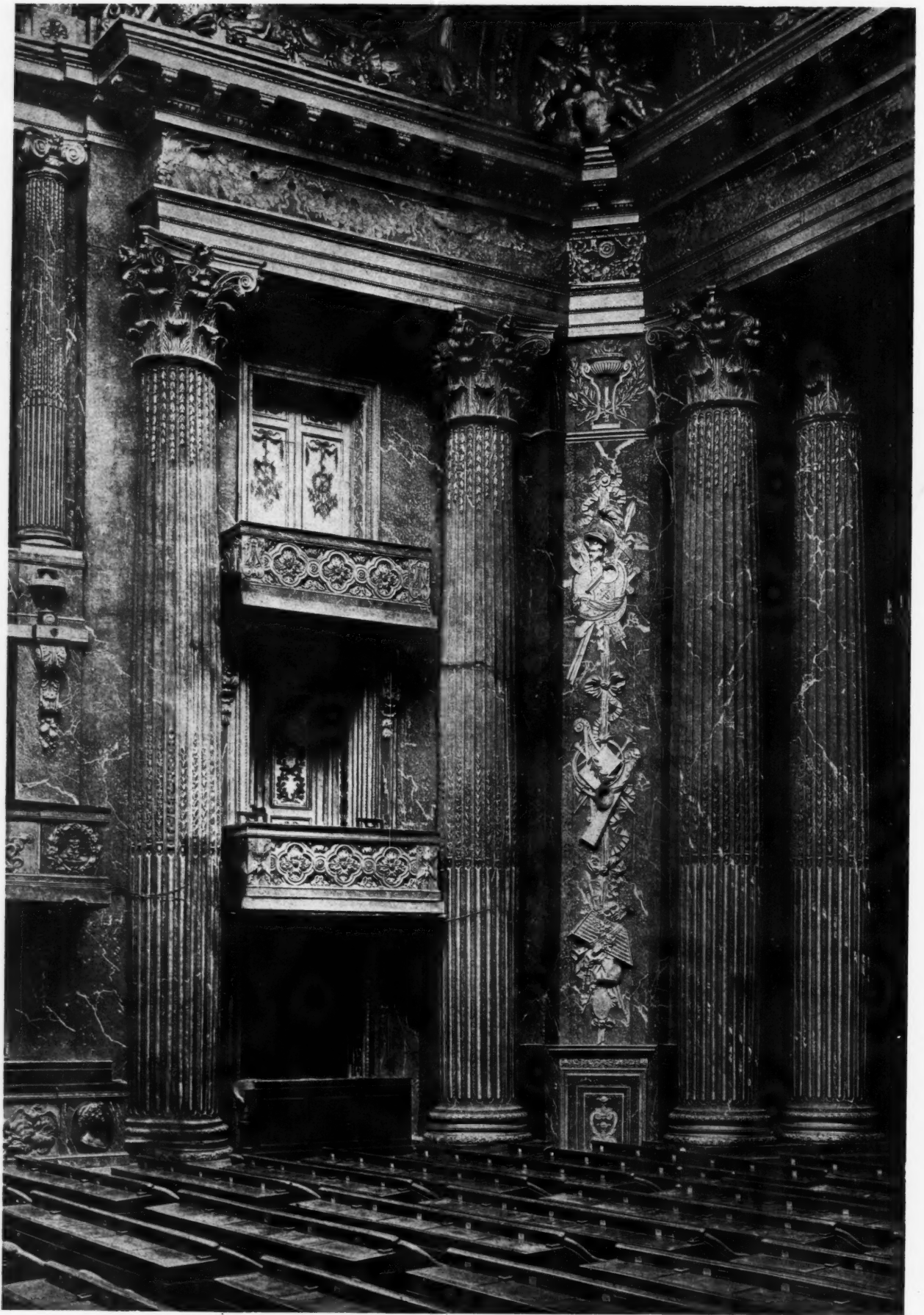
SALON DE LA PAIX.



THE CHAPEL ROOF.



GALERIE DES GLACES.



SALLE DE L'OPERA.

Germans that they would stay there for three weeks. They did not return to Berlin for five weary months. Homesick and irritable they lingered in the beautiful city which they could not appreciate, and which they were always comparing, scornfully, with Berlin, after the manner of touring barbarians. The house in which Bismarck slept and ate and plotted is well known. It is a pleasant house, placed *entre cour et jardin*, and is numbered 14 in the Rue de Provence. It belonged to Madame Jessé, a gallant Frenchwoman who refused to bend the knee in complaisance to the invaders, and who held her own fearlessly against the man of blood and iron. She knew well how to defend herself and her belongings, and Busch paid her the highest compliment when he described the demon-like bronze figure, which surmounted the timepiece coveted by Bismarck, as "a model of the family spirit of Madame Jessé." To the house in the Rue de Provence, then, came all the kings and courtiers and soldiers and idle visitors who filled Versailles in those eventful months. "For many hours of the day," says Busch, "our house was like a dove-cote, so many acquaintances and strangers went in and out." The image is sadly inappropriate, for Bismarck was no dove, and as for Busch

and Abeker, they were poor sentimentalists who did as they were told, and who, when they were not writing falsehoods about the French, were gathering violets to send to their wives in Berlin! Nor were they idle visitors who went in and out of Bismarck's dove-cote. Under Madame Jessé's roof Jules Favre and Thiers spent many hours of hopeless martyrdom. In her little *salon* the treaties were signed with the South German States, the proclamation was made of the German Emperor and the German Empire, and finally the surrender of Paris was accepted and the conditions of peace were signed. And at last the baleful work of Bismarck is all undone and Madame Jessé's house, no longer tragic, passes into the realm of archæology.

Versailles was not happy in those days of German occupation, though its safety was assured, since it sheltered many a German head. The German visitors could not be kept for nothing, and unblushingly they put Versailles to so vast an expense that in two weeks the town was beggared. Bismarck did not care for that. He told the Mayor roundly he must raise a loan, and then refused to let him go to Tours to consult his government, without whose approval he could do nothing. "They do not consider that we are the stronger."



FRANCE TRIUMPHANT.

said the German minister, "and will take what we want. They have not the least notion what war is." Yet the French had learned the necessity of war in a hard school, and the Allies have taught the Germans the useful lesson in a yet harder school.

From the Rue de Provence at Versailles Bismarck imposed his will upon France. He was ready to make peace on his own conditions, but, said he, "it is a first necessity that we should treat with a government which represents the will of France, by whose concessions and declarations she can bind herself and satisfy us. The present is not such a government." So he ordered that general elections should be held, and he declared that the French must endure the miseries of war until the authorities in Paris consented to his plan. In the end, of course, they were compelled to consent, and if only we emulate his firmness of character, there are many lessons taught by Bismarck at Versailles in the art of making peace which we may learn to-day.

And all the while the Germans were enraged because their kings and princes could not be housed in the Château of the French kings. The King of Bavaria was expected at Versailles to take part in a congress of monarchs. And where should he stay but in the historic rooms of the Palace? Unfortunately for his dignity, the Palace was now a hospital, not untainted with typhus, and the Bavarian must needs find a humbler resting place for his august head. Indeed, of what interest was the Palace to a German, who could not understand its significance? The foolish Busch, commenting on the battle-pieces of Louis XIV, could not refrain from the sneer that the days of Wörth, Metz and Sedan would probably not be commemorated there. "We will look at these again more at our leisure," said Bismarck's gossip, "but even in our hasty visit to-day, we observe that there is a system in these galleries, and that on the whole they are more like the hatching oven of an ambitious Chauvinism swollen with insolence than a museum for the triumphs and delights of art." Truly the Germans have always lacked humour and will always lack it. They know neither themselves nor others. But it would be hard to surpass the absurdity of Bismarck's creature, in the moment of victory and still mindful of the Ems telegram, solemnly reproving the swollen Chauvinism of the French.

Nevertheless, in these dark days Versailles had its interludes of comedy. The town was packed with journalists and with trippers. Men of all nations were driven thither by an eager curiosity, and many of them doubtless believed that their presence was necessary for the signing of a proper peace. There was Dr. Russell, for instance, of whom Matthew Arnold has given us an imperishable

sketch, ready with counsel and admonition. The great man is described as preparing to mount his war-horse. "You know the kind of thing," says Matthew Arnold, "he has described it himself over and over again. Bismarck at his horse's head, the Crown Prince holding his stirrup, and the old King of Prussia hoisting Russell into his saddle. When he was there, the distinguished public servant waved his hand in acknowledgment, and rode slowly down the street, accompanied by the *gamins* of Versailles, who even in their present dejection could not forbear a few involuntary cries of *Quel homme!*" The race to which Dr. Russell belonged has passed away for ever. But who can pass the Reservoirs, even after nearly half a century, without reflecting upon the figure cut by the great man, without hearing an echo of the *gamin's* cry, *Quel homme?*

And at last, on March 6th, 1871, Bismarck set out from Versailles, which he could never look upon again. Thrushes and finches, we are told, warbled the signal for his departure. Like decent French birds, they were glad to see the end of the Germans, and to-day the birds of France should be singing in fuller chorus, since the hour of Germany has struck. Never again shall she disturb the peace of the world; never shall the tragedy enacted at Versailles forty-seven years ago be repeated. Bismarck's work is swept away as though it had never been accomplished. And we are looking forward to another treaty of peace, which shall not be signed at Versailles. There is only one place fitting for the great enterprise of pacification, and that is Potsdam—a city French in its traditions, French even in its aspect. A German Versailles, if such a thing be possible, it was obviously destined to witness the punishment of Germany's sins, the restoration of peace to a troubled world. If only our statesmen are strong in resolution, pitiless in justice, then we shall be able to look back upon the five months' tragedy of Versailles with a deeper feeling than that of a detached curiosity.

And now, though Versailles shall not witness the signing of the peace, it may take pride in the truth that it has been, so to say, the seat of Nemesis. The victory which has abased Germany with all the force of the last act in a Greek tragedy was contrived at Versailles. There sat the united council of war which sent the Allied armies to the battle, which has undone the shame of 1871 and removed the stain of disgrace which Bismarck put upon France. There were drawn up the terms of the armistice which reduced Germany to the logical impotence of defeat. Thus poetic justice is satisfied, and Versailles, making light of the memory that once it gave shelter to the enemy, will resume in the proud consciousness of triumph its elegant tranquillity.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE GAMEKEEPER

The way of a flight was not my way,
With my love of the woods and all;
But I always hated the beasts of prey—
The big that bullied the small;
And what was I worth, who was six-foot three
And straight as a Douglas fir,
When my land stood forth for chivalry
If I stood not forth with her?

I was never meant for a fighting man.
I was bred to corrie and linn,
And the dykes where the little crofts began
And the thieving deer broke in;
To the ptarmigan bunched on the snowy screes,
To the blue hares and the grouse,
And the little cot in the rowan trees
That was all I knew of a house.

And now on guard by the foremost wire
I watch where the high planes soar,
And see in a dream the eagles spire
In the blue beyond Ben More.
The cannon thunder from crest to crag
And die in the dunes away,
But I hear the bell of a fighting stag
In a glen beside the Tay.

I loved the heather and loved the woods
And the things that went with them:
The changing light of the larch's moods,
And the birch's milk-white stem.
I was never meant for a fighting man;
I had scarcely the heart to kill
The ten-point stags and the ptarmigan
And the blue hares on the hill.

But since I am here for a greater guard
Than the care of hoof and wing,
The stroke that I deal shall be good and hard
In the cause of this my King;
For I came of choice to keep his march
And to hold his foes at bay,
But also to fight for the woods of larch
That stand by the far-off Tay.

If God be good to a fighting man
Who had never a wish to fight,
And He bring me through as alone He can
By His gracious power and might,
I will go back to my woods again,
When the war of the world is done,
Content with the larches after rain
And the snowfields white in the sun.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

THE TAWNY OWL AS A PET

By BENTLEY BEETHAM

MY tawny owls were really and fully pets in the best acceptance of the term. They were taken as quite little fellows from an old carrion crow's nest high up in a Scotch fir, and were then balls of thick greyish brown down, with large blinking eyes and snapping bills. They had to be hand fed, of course, not the most pleasant of jobs, as their food was chiefly strips of raw liver; but very soon they learnt to associate first us, and then a plate, with food, and thereafter they helped themselves. At first they were housed in a small cage, but it was not until they were promoted to a flight aviary that we really got upon friendly terms with each other. To say that thereafter they rapidly became tame is not enough; they were so much more than the word "tame" suggests. Hardly could we enter the aviary before one or other of the birds would come down flop upon our shoulder, there to ride about majestically, with its wondrously soft plumage all puffed out warm against our cheek. Soon he would commence to pay attention to our person. Turning himself about so as to face the side of our head, he would begin to nibble an ear, running his awful hooked beak over every part of it, yet so gently was it done that even the sharp tip of the upper mandible never scratched or pressed unduly anywhere. Between one bout of nibbling and the next he would draw back to the edge of the shoulder, and from there scrutinise the quarry, swinging his head round and round and "focussing" it from all points of view in a most amusing way. Sometimes he would pretend to seize it in one talon, but either the claws were never closed or else they were folded inwards before they reached the ear, the latter being then gently prodded with the back of the digits. What prompted these birds to be so gentle when dealing with the face I never could understand. Offer them the hand and

follows. The mouse still held conveniently up in that awful talon, the back of its skull is deliberately cracked, crunched one might almost say, so frequent are the sounds of breaking bones; then, but never until the skull has been attended to, the claws relax and the prey is transferred to the bill preparatory to swallowing. Even large mice are usually swallowed whole and always, without exception, head first. Small ones are "potted" easily enough. I have known one bird to swallow seven as rapidly as they were handed to her, she only pausing between each to look round before cracking the skull of the



A WIDE EYED PET.

they treated it with nothing like the same respect, though they were ever careful not seriously to hurt it. To the same bird that is even now running his bill over the intricacies of the ear offer a dead mouse surreptitiously produced from the pocket. Instantly frivolity ceases and the bird becomes as a graven image, with eyes riveted on the prey. Bring the mouse within reach and it is promptly seized in one foot and held in a vice-like grip. A furtive glance around, evidently in obedience to an inborn custom, and the victim is conveyed to the bill, the bird using its foot exactly as a hand. Invariably the same procedure



TAKING HIS EASE.

next one. The largest mice, as well as fat field voles, were sometimes sundered and swallowed piecemeal, otherwise they took a lot of getting down. The *modus operandi* of this swallowing is very much that of putting a pillow into a pillowcase. The bird's feet are placed together on the branch, the body held straight up, and the mouse, already head first in the mouth, is shaken down the throat by a series of convulsive gulps. The action appears to be an exhausting one, and they often pause with half-closed eyes and rest awhile, with the tail and hinder portions of the prey dangling from the bill.

From books one is led to regard the owl as nocturnal or, at least, crepuscular. From field observation one knows him to be in some measure diurnal, but only by keeping these birds in semi-confinement did I realise how they love the sun. On the hottest day in summer they would fly down and lie on the ground in the blazing sunshine with their wings extended and their heads turned back so that the chin was uppermost. So they would lie and doze. That owls blink in the sun is true, but I do not think that this denotes distress caused by the strong light; rather is it a habit of these birds constantly to pass the delicate nictitating membrane obliquely across the eye at any time when they are not actively "focussing" some object. If they wish to do so they can stare wide-eyed without a blink straight into the sun, surely a remarkable feat for an eye so sensitive as to be serviceable in the dark. They took the greatest interest in our smallest action, even a change in personal attire was immediately noticed. It was my custom to sit with them a few minutes every day after lunch. Often before the chair was well within the aviary one bird would be already perched upon its back and riding on my shoulder, and if I was allowed to settle down in peace, presently an owl would come flop upon the newspaper. No matter what new thing we took in it was always instantly spotted and minutely examined; but nothing gave them more pleasure or us more amusement than a

good-sized bowl of water. They simply loved to bathe, and that in the fullest sunshine. Standing deep in the water so that their fluffy feathers floated out like skirts around them, they would solemnly duck their great round heads, flopping the water over their backs first with one wing and then with the other.

They instantly detected the presence of a stranger or a strange dog, and the only person other than my brother and myself who was recognised as a friend by these birds was a young lady then resident with us, and of no one were they more fond



TWO YOUNG TAWNIES.

than her. Their special delight was to sit on her shoulder or head and hunt for hairpins. The quarry located, it was gently extracted, examined, nibbled and then dropped, its fall to the ground being gravely watched, when the search was resumed for another. It was truly an amusing spectacle.

Of their beauty, of their contradictory degrees of intelligence, of their endless little

peculiarities and, above all, of their perfect adaptation to their special mode of life, a volume might be written. But I hope that I have said enough to show how tame they may become.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

Bismarck, by C. Grant Robertson, M.A., C.V.O. (Constable).

MR. GRANT ROBERTSON has contributed to the Makers of the Nineteenth Century a scholarly and timely study. Bismarck was unquestionably the greatest political figure of that era. He was born on April 1st, 1815, and died on July 30th, 1898, so that his latest biographer is perfectly justified in saying that his career covers the nineteenth century proper, "reckoned from the final act of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic drama, with its consummation in Congress and Treaties of Vienna." But the life of a great man is ultimately to be valued by its fruit, and probably if Mr. Grant Robertson had written after the conclusion of the war instead of, to a large extent, before it, his contribution to history would have had a more emphatic moral. Bismarck was the arch-builder of the German Empire. His whole energy was devoted to it, and the blood and iron methods he adopted have not been long subjected to the test of time. The great steps towards the final culmination may be roughly described as follows: There was the seizure of Schleswig-Holstein. In England it was clearly understood, at any rate by Lord Palmerston, that the ultimate object was the building of a fleet to hold in check, if not to rival, that of Great Britain. It gave rise to the bitter saying of a Russian statesman, Schuvalov, that the time had gone by when Great Britain would draw her sword in the cause of honour. But time has shown that honour has more than an abstract value. If we had supported the Danes then, much trouble would have been obviated afterwards. The war with Austria was projected and carried out with the same lack of scruple, and the *rapprochement* between the Dual Monarchy and Prussia paved the way for that Triple Alliance which was intended to dominate Europe. But the most dramatic event in that strange history was the war with France, conducted as it was with the frightfulness of which we have had a new and more terrible exposition during the last four years. Mr. Grant Robertson speaks with contemptuous severity of Bismarck's attitude during the peace negotiations, but his summary description of Bismarck's attitude is as effective as many a longer account:

Bismarck was just as remorseless as the most truculent militarist at Headquarters. His insistence on the bombardment of Paris, his scorn at "the English catchwords of humanity and civilisation," his jeers at the offerings of the civil population and the children in Paris, the dinner-table ridicule of the appeals and tears of Favre and Thiers—by these and fifty other similar self-revealing acts recorded and gloated over by Busch and the jackals of the backstairs, he proved that he neither wished nor intended

to be generous. Generosity would have been an unpardonable weakness. Behind the impressive record of achievement lies an unforgettable chronicle of envenomed pettiness and coarse brutality, and the pitiable part of it is that Bismarck was unaware of the depths to which he could sink; and that the Germany of Bismarck's Chancellorship could read and approve—and even praise—the qualities and traits revealed in these intimate and degrading chronicles.

The weakness of the book lies in the failure of the author to draw the great inference that in the end righteousness alone prevails. Speaking of 1870, he makes the remark that "dry powder and disbelief in God, said Europe, is a better creed than belief in God and no powder at all; and Providence, said the cynics, thought with them." Concerning them he, like doubting Thomas, asks, "Were the cynics so wrong?" Shattered Germany gives the reply. The great Empire that seemed built as though it would endure through all time and dominate the world fell to pieces as soon as Kaiser William began to test it. It is true that in the early days of his reign he cast off the great counsellor of his grandfather, and the haughty prince humbled himself so far as to carry the story of his impending fate to the Empress Frederick; with what answer history knows. It must have been a mournful and poignant trial for her when the man who had done his utmost to lower the prestige of her husband, the Emperor Frederick, and of his house had to come forward as a suppliant against the tyranny of her son over whom she had no power. Bismarck said of the late Lord Salisbury that he was a willow painted to look like iron. Posterity will apply the remark to the German Empire itself. Its strength proved utterly insufficient when the day of trial came. The army which had been made and drilled and trained for nearly half a century for the hour in which the Kaiser was to assert his supremacy over the world achieved only that success which was bound to come at the start. When a man, fully armed, rushes out of his house, peaceful neighbours who had no thought of fighting cannot put up an immediate defence. Yet Bismarck might well have stirred in his grave did he know that the freedom which he despised had enabled Great Britain to put an army into the field as well equipped as that of Germany, and that by a few months' assiduous training it became as expert in the use of modern arms and as formidable in the field as those legions which had been exercised and trained year after year till the whole of Europe as well as Germany thought the army invulnerable. Absolute government has gone to pieces before the onset of democracies. The French Republic of which he spoke so contemptuously in his later days has proved itself as valiant as any Power in the war, and of a

tenacity unsurpassed. There is not one of the Powers allied against Germany which has not completely disappointed the low estimation formed by Bismarck, Moltke and their satellites. If in a sense Bismarck was one of the makers of the nineteenth century, he was also and in a far wider sense one of the great destroyers.

LITERARY NOTES.

IT is sometimes a great disadvantage to feel too keenly on a subject—expression is so difficult. It is not sentiment that stands in the way—that is, it is not the feeling that such and such a thing is too sacred or too intimate to discuss—the reason is purely practical. As long as a subject remains a thing of the intellect, the intellect may deal with it more or less adequately, put it into words, treat it with brilliance or wit, but when that subject has withdrawn from the brain to become a thing of the spirit, it has become separated from words and reduced to what Keats calls pure sensation. Now, unfortunately for this article, Violet Jacob's poems have, for the writer of it, passed into things of the spirit. It is long since she thought about them in words, that is, critically, though she feels them "to the finest fibre of her nature." To her they are beyond the poems of any living writer, but she has no reason to give for the faith that is in her as long as they remain, in their beauty, in that quiet realm beyond the fidgeting of her brain, and whether it is wise to investigate her feelings about them and translate them painfully into words is not for her to judge. She can only repeat that if she cared less she could say more.

It is now three years since the first "Songs of Angus" were published, and those of us who knew and loved them in their previous existence in COUNTRY LIFE know that they were the perfect work of many years. We are glad Violet Jacob has not made us wait so long for another book, but has just given us "More Songs of Angus," the only difference between it and her first songs being that about half of the new poems are "in English" and that in spite of a few songs written in lighter mood this is more or less a book of sorrow—as indeed are most books of poems written during the last four years.

It is comparatively easy to get a certain effect of originality, and sometimes, indeed, to achieve real poetry, by the use of unusual and striking words and phrases. What is infinitely rarer and higher is the power to take ordinary, everyday words and so use them that they take on a loveliness and transparency that were not theirs before. It is an adorable quality in a writer. There is nothing like it—*nothing!* And this power is Violet Jacob's in a very marked degree. It is possible, as has been said, to attain beauty by fantastic means, but it is beauty untouched by pathos and therefore remote and aloof—far from our daily life. Not that pathos is a quality to be sought consciously by any writer. To seek it is to miss it. It just slips in, almost unnoticed, where sincerity and truth are found.

Lay me in yon place, lad,
The gloamin's thick wi' nicht :
I canna' see yer face, lad,
For my een's no richt,
But it's ower late for leein',
An' I ken fine I'm deein',
Like an auld craw fleelin',
To the last o' the licht.

That is one example, out of many that might be quoted, of a perfect effect attained by such simple means that we are apt to overlook the craftsmanship behind them.

Like an auld craw fleelin',
To the last o' the licht.

Both books are full of these vivid, pictorial little touches, painted in with unerring skill :

Craig Woods, i' the licht o' September sleepin'
And the saft mist o' the morn,
When the hairst climbs to yer feet, an' the sound o' reapin'
Comes up frae the stookit corn.

Or :

I'll hear the bar
Loupin' in its place,
And see the steeple's face
Dim i' the creepin' haar ;
And the toon-clock's sang
Will cry through the weit,
And the coal-bells ring, aye ring, on the cairts as they gang
I' the drookit street.

Or, for utter desolation :—

We canna see whaur deid men lie
For the drivin' o' the rain.

There is only one way of reviewing Violet Jacob's poems satisfactorily and that is to take, say, "The Last o' the Tinkler," "Jock, to the First Army," and "Montrose" from this new book and "Tam i' the Kirk" and "The Howe o' the Mearns" from the first songs and quote them in full—and make no comments. The only difficulty would be the difficulty of deciding whether these five poems should be chosen, or others. Mrs. Jacob has so many moods and her readers so many opinions on the subject. One of them gave as her favourite passage—

Tib, my auntie's a deil to wark,
Has me risin' afore the sun ;
Aince her head is abune her sark
Then the clash o' her tongue's begun !

Fame often comes quietly and prosaically in these days, here a little and there a little—a place in this and that anthology, a quotation heading a chapter in a novel, enthusiasm shown in borrowing and reluctance in returning a writer's works, and lo ! that writer has slipped into the very heart of a nation.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out, but to a few people it is given to leave something very rare and precious behind them. And whether Violet Jacob never writes another line, or whether she gives us many more "Songs of Angus," the dearest word in the language is hers by divine right . . . Remembrance. ISABEL BUTCHART.

Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, O.M., G.C.S.I., by Leonard Huxley. (John Murray.)

IN these admirable volumes of biography, based on materials collected and arranged by Lady Hooker, we read of a long life of ninety-four years, of which it may be said that the whole, excepting only the years of infancy, show an almost unexampled record of unceasing industry and devotion to botanical science. When a child of only five or six the little Joseph Hooker collected mosses—an inherited taste, for both his father and his mother's father were botanists and began their studies upon the mosses. A few years later, as a bigger boy, he took to this study in earnest. Though their home was in Glasgow, his father sometimes took him to the Highlands, where he collected plants, and where his inborn bent towards a love of nature and admiration for natural beauty was largely developed, and with it his desire to travel and see more of the world's wonders. As to his early botanical training, "he did not so much learn botany as grow up in it. At one-and-twenty he was probably the best equipped botanist of his years and had just finished his medical course." He entered the Navy as assistant surgeon with the prospect of appointment as naturalist in the Ross Antarctic Expedition, and was eventually appointed to the *Erebus*, one of the two ships. It was of this memorable undertaking that Captain Scott wrote in recent years: "When the extent of our knowledge before and after it is considered, all must concede that it deserves to rank among the most brilliant and famous that have been made. After all the preceding experiences and adventures in the Southern Seas, few things can have looked more hopeless than an attack upon that great ice-bound region which lay within the Antarctic Circle; yet out of this desolate prospect Ross wrested an open sea, a vast mountain region, a smoking volcano and a hundred problems of great interest to the geographer." Hooker's part in the work was no small one; and, though there was but little for a botanist to do in the way of collecting land plants, he studied the marine infusoria and other floating animals caught in the tow-net and dredge, finding highly developed animal life at a depth of 400 fathoms; and meanwhile working on plants collected on the outward journey in Madeira and the Cape de Verdes. A visit to Kerguelen's Land enabled him to determine 150 species, chiefly among the Cryptogams. Later, in the Falkland Islands, besides the examination of the local plants, he arranged the material collected in the South, and here he began to put into form his thoughts on the distribution of the Natural Orders in the Antarctic longitudes: as he wrote to his father: "to the elucidation of botanical geography and the effects of climate on the vegetable kingdom," a study continued later when his travels had included many tropical lands.

The years of service at sea had given Hooker "an invaluable acquaintance with the realities of things . . . he was already a naturalist enlisted in the ranks of pure science; a rising botanist when he set out, a botanist of higher repute when he returned." And later we read: "he not only possessed an energetic curiosity which overflowed by its very abundance into every branch of Natural History, but was convinced that the botanist as well as the traveller was incomplete without being something of a geologist, a geographer, a meteorologist and a map-maker." But, besides this comprehensive scientific equipment, he was keenly sensitive to all forms of natural beauty. When in the Himalaya he writes of a scene in the Tambur Valley that through it "meandered the rippling stream, fringed with Alder. It was a beautiful spot, the clear, cool, murmuring river with its rapids and shallows, forcibly reminding me of trout-streams in the Highlands of Scotland." And, again, of another scene: "The mountains . . . are beyond all description beautiful . . . it is a castle of pure blue glacier ice, 4,000ft. high and 6 or 8 miles long. I do wish I were not the only person who has ever seen it or dwelt among its wonders."

In 1855 he became assistant to his father, Sir William Hooker, the Director at Kew. Ten years later Sir William died and he succeeded to the directorship. During the years when he was preparing two of his important botanical works, the "Introductory Essay to the Flora of New Zealand," published in 1853, and the "Introductory Essay to the Flora of Tasmania," published in 1859, he had grown to be dissatisfied with the older views as to the fixity of species, and had become convinced that species originated in variation; that varieties between allied species were so many that the whole distance between accepted species might be covered by intermediate forms, and that it was only when some of these had by chance become extinct that the extreme forms had come to be regarded as specific. Thus he held that the cedar of Lebanon and the deodar of the Himalaya might be only extreme varieties of the same tree, of which some linking forms had been lost. He desired that lectures and other botanical teaching should be made less rigid, and in preparing examination papers would set such questions as would demand from the student thought and the result of observation rather than a mere memory of book teaching; also that the instruction should be on a foundation of botany and zoology combined.

His close friendship and interchange of views with Darwin had been steadily growing. In 1856 "Darwin never tires of telling how he values his criticisms. They led not to destruction but to reconstruction. 'You never made an objection without doing much good,' he exclaims. After a long talk together, 'fighting a battle with you clears my mind wonderfully . . . Each was deeply conscious of his debt to the other. Hooker records: 'I at any rate always left with the feeling that I had imparted nothing and carried away more than I could stagger under.'" From the Engadine in the summer of 1862 Hooker writes to Darwin: "If you ever

did come here and I could see you for five minutes a day I should be the happiest man alive. These rocks, plants and insects teem with thoughts of you and reminiscences of your writings." Hardly less cordial and affectionate were his relations with other men of science. Again writing to "Dear old Darwin," after the ordeal of a lecture given before the British Association at Oxford, he writes of Huxley: "He returned thanks for my lecture in the most skilful, graceful and perfect way. I never heard anything so hearty and thoroughly good—no coarse flattery or fulsome praise—but an earnest, thoughtful and, I believe, truthful eulogy of what he thought good and happy in the treatment of the subject, with a really affectionate tribute to myself." Deep was his grief for the loss of Sir Charles Lyell. He writes to Darwin: "I feel Lyell's loss most keenly, he was father and brother to me; and, except yourself, no one took that lively, generous, hearty, deep and warm interest in my welfare that he did. I cannot tell you how lonely I begin to feel, how desolate . . ." All the more admirable were his relations in private life—most devoted and dutiful of sons, wisest and tenderest of husbands and fathers; easily accessible to friendship, and generous of cordiality and loyalty to the many who sought him and gained his regard.

Honours poured in upon Hooker. Being the most modest of men, their profusion became a serious embarrassment. His desire was to refuse all except those bearing most directly upon his work. "The fact is that I have an insuperable aversion to high places," he wrote to Darwin. But as President of the Royal Society and with his foremost place in botanical science he could not escape, and in the Appendix we find a list occupying more than ten pages of degrees, appointments, societies and honours, besides a catalogue filling twenty pages of his written works!

During his Directorship at Kew (1865—1885) the work in the Gardens and Herbarium went on steadily, its course only varied by holiday trips on the Continent and occasionally by a longer journey to Morocco and the Greater Atlas in 1871, and to the Rocky Mountains and California in 1877; but towards the end of the time he greatly felt the burden of official duties and administration. Hooker firmly believed in the future importance of rubber, which he introduced into several colonies, and, with tea and cinchona, to respectively suitable districts in India, besides drought-resisting fodder plants for growth in arid regions. Liberian coffee plants were also grown at Kew and sent to both East and West Indies.

His son-in-law, Professor, afterwards Sir William, Threlson-Dyer, who for many years had been his assistant and invaluable helper, succeeded him in the Directorship when, at the age of sixty-eight, he retired to a new home at Sunningdale. But for some time he continued to attend at Kew and to work in the Herbarium for some days in the week. He had yet many years of fruitful labour to enjoy before his death in 1911, for, besides a number of other publications, his years of retirement saw much progress in Indian botany and the Index Kewensis.

A chapter by Professor Bower on Hooker's position as botanist, after summarising his labours on botany and allied sciences, concludes with these words: "When we review these varied activities, extending throughout the long life of Sir Joseph Hooker, it is not difficult to account for the pre-eminent position which he held among his contemporaries. This estimate will be an enduring one. For the quality and extent of the systematic work is such that its effect must be felt wherever Flowering Plants are defined and classified. On the other hand, the originality of the generalisations on Geographical Distribution and on the Species Question has lifted current opinion into new channels, and so altered it that his place in the History of Human Thought is for ever assured."

THE ESTATE MARKET

SALE OF THE MART FOR £120,000.

IN recent years the affairs of the Auction Mart Company (Limited) have been left with great confidence in the hands of the directors, and few of the shareholders have troubled to attend the annual meetings, or they might have heard much sooner than most of them seem to have done of the suggestion that the premises should be placed in the market. Even at the critical meeting of a week ago, when the question of sale was definitely raised, there were not more than about two dozen shareholders in attendance, and many of them were not practising auctioneers and estate agents.

Mr. Daniel Watney stated the position with his usual brevity and clarity, and his points were emphasised by a few figures put in by Mr. Hubert Oakley, showing the steady decline in the revenue of the company since the year 1910. Mr. Bentley J. Bridgewater repeated practically what was set forth in these columns last week about the tendency of auctioneers to hold sales locally and in other centres, and two shareholders, representative of the purely London miscellaneous investment market, entered a protest against the proposal to dispose of the premises. There was not much force in a suggestion by another speaker that auctioneers should have the opportunity to find the money to acquire the building, and it was pointed out by the directors that in investing in the company's shares buyers had usually borne in mind the fact that the freehold could, in the event of adverse circumstances, be sold to reimburse them in full. In the end the meeting resolved, by nineteen votes to five, to accept the offer of the Bank of England to buy the site and premises for £120,000, the purchase to be completed at Christmas next. This sum will leave a balance of £14,300 after paying off the shareholders at par.

A sidelight on the working of the Finance Act was thrown by the chairman's statement that the provisional valuation of the property amounted to no more than £58,800, and that it has never been definitely settled, so that the sum payable as increment value duty is yet to be arranged, and may absorb a great deal of the balance.

Nothing has been done towards securing other premises of a permanent character for sales in the City, and the probability is that more than ever the drift of business will be westwards, and, after all, there is no reason why the firms that have until now continued to take residential properties to Tokenhouse Yard for disposal should not meet with at least an equal degree

of success in the West End, in their own offices or elsewhere. For purely London investments the problem is of a different kind, but not insoluble. The recent history of the Mart, however, is not calculated to induce anyone to sink money in providing premises solely for the purpose of a mart.

A total of over nine and a quarter millions sterling has so far been realised for property dealt with this year, and exclusive of important transactions effected during the last few days.

Lord Stafford entrusted to Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard the sale of land on the outskirts of the town of Stafford. The auction was held locally, when seven of the eight lots changed hands at an average of thirty years' purchase of the net rents. There was a large company, and it is not often that more pleasure has been manifested in a sale-room than when the tenant of Lot 4 succeeded in acquiring his holding. It consisted of Castle Farm, 172 acres, and realised £8,400, or twenty-eight years' purchase. Some of the lots, owing to their proximity to the important railway centre, doubtless possess a value for development apart from their marked agricultural attractions.

Lord Pembroke's solicitude for his tenantry has shown itself strongly in connection with the sale of outlying portions of the Wilton estate, the auction of which was fixed for the present week at Salisbury, and many tenants have availed themselves of the opportunity of buying their holdings privately. Messrs. J. Carter Jonas and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Lofts and Warner, have been in negotiation with the farmers for some time past, and nine or ten of the best farms have passed into the tenants' hands before the auction, among them being Jesse's, East and Manor Farms (Dinton), Manor Farm (Teffont), Manor Farm (Swallowcliffe), Cleeve's Farm (Ebbesborne), and four farms in Bowerchalke, namely, Rookhay, Manor, Targett's and Middle Chase Buildings.

On the 4th Mr. Gordon Saunders (Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.) conducted the auction of outlying portions of the North Riding property, Thirsk Hall, Thirsk. Between 200 and 300 people attended the sale, and thirty-three of the forty-three lots were immediately disposed of for a total of over £35,000, inclusive of timber. The tenant of one farm of 206 acres had a stiff fight against four or five other bidders, but he eventually beat them with a bid of £6,500, plus £562 for timber, or, roughly, thirty-five years' purchase of the net rental. Another farm of 167 acres, leasehold for a term of 2,000 years from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, realised £35 an acre. Judging from enquiries since the auction, the withdrawn portions seem likely to find a market in the very near future.

The late Mrs. Goldingham's Surrey residence, Anningsley Park, Otter-shaw, has been privately sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. It stands in the midst of 136 acres, adjoining the New Zealand Golf Course. According to present arrangements the firm's sale on November 26th will include Osborne Cottage, East Cowes, formerly the residence of Princess Beatrice, by order of the late Sir Richard Burbidge's executors. Messrs. Marvins are jointly concerned in this auction. A freehold of eight acres at West Hill, Highgate, on the borders of Hampstead Heath, is also to be submitted, with three residences known as West Hill Place, Eagles and Green Bank, with possession in March.

Copped Hall, Totteridge, is to be offered on Thursday next, at Hanover Square, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who will, on November 27th at Uttoxeter, submit the Beamhurst Hall estate of 206 acres. It is within three miles of the Meynell Hunt, and the fifteen lots include the Hall with sixteen acres and fishing in the Team. The "upset" price of the Castle Menzies estate, Perthshire, has been reduced to £60,000, at which it will be exposed by public roup in Edinburgh on December 19th. The area exceeds 11,600 acres, and the gross rental value is some £3,600 a year. The sporting is first-rate, the grouse averaging 1,200 brace, and there are more than five miles of salmon and trout fishing in the Tay and Lyon, exclusive as regards the north bank. Another December sale will be that of Lord Leigh's Little Leigh estate, 1,200 acres, in the Weaver Valley, near Northwich, a few miles from Warrington.

The chief event at Tokenhouse Yard next week will be the auction by Messrs. Trollope and Messrs. Harrods (Limited) of part of the Knightsbridge estate. Details of the property have been published in these columns. Large blocks of freehold town houses and a ground rent of £2,000 a year are on offer. The sale is fixed for Tuesday. An Essex house, known as The Shieling, Harlow, has changed hands privately through Messrs. Goddard and Smith.

Nearly £83,000 was obtained for 1,800 acres of the outlying portions of General Sir Francis Lloyd's Acton Hall estate at Oswestry by Messrs. Frank Lloyd. A condition of the sale of High Laver Grange, Ongar, 328 acres, let at £492 a year, was that if the purchaser required possession at Michaelmas next, he should pay the tenant £500. The holding, sold by order of the Public Trustee, realised £10,500. The commuted tithe rent charge is £91, and the land tax in 1917-18 was £12 15s. What was described as a "free rent" of £2 8s. a year on the land does not seem to have been collected for many years. The sale was carried out by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons, who have also disposed of two tithe rent charges (1918 basis) on 3,000 acres in Essex. One lot, £337 3s. 4d. on 1,727 acres at East Tilbury (value in 1918, £368), was sold for £3,500. There is a charge of £15 a year for the poor of Coggeshall, and the tithe owner is liable for repairs to the chancel of East Tilbury Church. The other lot, £279, secured on 1,301 acres in Tolleshunt D'Arcy, fetched £3,000. In the adjoining county farms have been sold by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co., by whom half a dozen holdings in Suffolk will be submitted at the end of this month at Ipswich.

The Salop property, Pell Wall, Market Drayton, 275 acres with mansion, and trout fishing in the Tern, is to be offered early next year by Messrs. Osborn and Mercer. Saling Court, with 1,000 acres, in Essex, is another estate to come under the hammer next year, Messrs. Castiglione and Scott, Limited, being the agents. At Bournemouth next week Messrs. Ford and Sons are selling one of the residences on West Cliff.

Lympne Castle, the Roman stronghold Lemanus, dominating the straight and hilly road from Hythe to Canterbury, is in Messrs. Tredder and Co.'s hands for sale at an early date. Outlying portions of Holme Hall, Spalding Moor, will be sold at York on November 28th by Messrs. R. M. English and Son, by order of Mrs. F. D. Harford.

ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

WAR MEMORIALS AT WINCHESTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I draw attention to the proposed Winchester war memorials, which are causing a good deal of discussion? The plans of the scheme for Winchester College (by Mr. Baker of Cape Town) have been sent round to Old Wykehamists and, although the architect is no doubt right in wishing to pull together the haphazard arrangement of the later buildings, there are many who deplore the money that will be spent in pulling down and building up again involved in the choice of site, and more especially the proposed demolition of about 300ft. of old houses in Kingsgate Street. If it were a question of removing a slum area, nothing could be said against it, but the houses in question are chiefly Late Georgian in period, well built, with gardens behind up to the College wall, forming a pleasant example of an English country town residential street. In a place where houses are very difficult to get it does not seem right to reduce their number in this way and to entirely alter the character of the street, nor does it appear sound from the financial point of view. Judging from the plan of the Memorial Buildings, the houses will be replaced by blank flint walls with a small garden recess in front of the new hall, and there is no mention of building dwelling-houses elsewhere to take their place. Except for the immense expense involved, no one will regret the removal of racquet courts, fives courts, the sanitary arrangements, class rooms and rifle range, or even the proposed pulling down and re-erection of Mr. Basil Champney's Memorial Buildings, built some twenty years ago. But nothing is said as to where it is proposed to re-erect the three first named, which will take a good deal of room and should not be too conspicuous; and it seems unfortunate that such a difficult site should have been chosen, and an architect who has no feelings for old traditions and is almost a stranger to England. A letter from a Wykehamist says: "I forget who the man is, but he appears at intervals, waves his arms, and something else is to be removed." Even Sir Christopher Wren's "school" is to be wheeled to another position, if allowed, to suit the new town planning at the cost of a few thousand pounds extra. This beautiful building is not, perhaps, as well placed as it might be, and would show to greater advantage in some other position, as the report says; but surely there is something wrong about the sentiment of the whole thing. It cannot be denied that the proposed cloisters, entered centrally from the South African Memorial Gateway, would form a very fine and dignified memorial, through which the boys would pass to and fro daily; but here the destruction of the old college wall (for which great reverence is expressed) and of the existing buildings at once begins in order to obtain a site, and the other proposed new buildings spread northwards, devouring everything in their way. There appears to be something forced about the planning of the rest with its many courts and areas, two small halls and the Headmaster's classroom up a corkscrew stair above another gateway on the inside; and, for a school that has outgrown its large buildings, it is a surprise to find that the proposed great hall, with its ends cut off by screens, will not have much more ground floor space than the present "school." The other memorial scheme, for Hampshire, is also on view and has caused something like consternation. It is, oddly enough, by the same architect. He proposes to form a sort of terraced forecourt out of the churchyard in front of the west end of the Cathedral, cutting down the fine old trees and excavating the dead. It sounds like the doings in France. He has discovered that there is no direct approach to the Cathedral on its axial line, and this reproach is to be removed. The space immediately in front of the west doors, with its bad gravel and iron railings, might well be paved and improved, but otherwise the general effect, with the sloping green sward with a few tombstones on it and fine trees, is peaceful and dignified and all that can be desired, whether looking towards the Cathedral or from the Cathedral to the charming old red brick houses behind the trees, and it seems an expensive sin to propose spending £20,000 in torturing a strip of ground into a formal terraced garden with rambler roses on the old north wall of the precincts and beds planted with emblematical flowers. There will be a tall white marble cross in the middle, stone seats and steps, and a large gateway leading to nowhere at the end; and, as a sop to the public, it is proposed to plant four large trees

(sort not specified) growing out of a square of gravel (to be known as the four great trees of the war, whatever that may signify), which, if they do not die, will some day overshadow the whole thing. And all this on a site some 200ft. long by 50ft. wide, with an ancient high crooked wall on one side built against the incursions of the Danes (it is a wonder that it is not to be pulled down and set further back on its proper axial line) and some sort of dwarf wall on the other to hold up the terraces. The gate itself has the great merit of simplicity, with an archway through the middle and a bay for memorials on either side, covered with a plain hipped roof; but it is too near to the west end, and, from the lie of the town, it will never be used as the natural approach to the Cathedral; also, this part of the precincts being public and not locked up at night, there is bound to be trouble in the upkeep. It is earnestly to be hoped that poor Winchester may escape this infliction and that the greater part of the money subscribed may be spent on something that will be of some practical use to the brave soldiers of Hampshire.—S., Hants.

THE TAKING OF TOURNAI TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"Tournay entered." This brief headline in the *Morning Post* of Nov. 9th suggests to me that you may find the enclosed letter from the Duke of Marlborough, of two centuries ago, and written from the same spot, of sufficient general interest to reproduce in *COUNTRY LIFE*. This letter, formerly in the Morrison Collection, dated August 15th, 1709, upon paper bearing a finely executed armorial watermark, was, as suggested by the Hon. John Fortescue, probably addressed to Vanbrough. One reads that at Tournai, taken by the Allies less than three weeks after the above date, "was the best defence ever drawn from Countermine." Endorsed:

"A letter from ye siege
of Tournay.

By ye Duke of Marlborough.
15th August 1709.

Sr,

I am extremely oblig'd to you for your letter which gives me the most exact account of what is doing at Blenheim, I am yett in hopes that I may have the happynesse of being there the next summer, this army has never at any sieges til this meet with Mynes, so that our Ingeniers move very slowly, by which they give the Soldiers time to acustom themselves to be blown up,

I am with much truth,

Sr,

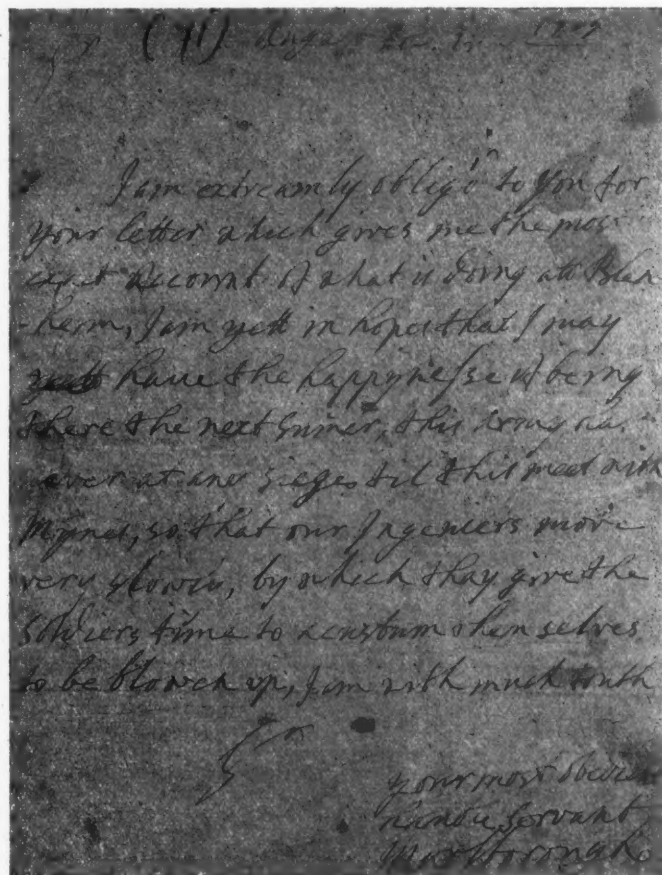
your most obedient
humble Servant

(signed) Marlborough."

It may be remembered that the Duke's father, Sir Winston Churchill, was born at Wotton Granville, Dorset. In 1661 he was M.P. for Weymouth, and between the years 1662-68, Commissioner for Claims in Ireland. A very prominent Royalist, he had to compound for nearly £5,000, and lived for some years at Ashe, Devon, the seat of his father-in-law, Sir John

Drake, under whose roof John, the future Duke of Marlborough and Marquess of Blandford, was born on Midsummer Day, 1650.—W. DE C. PRIDEAUX, F.S.A.

FAC-SIMILE OF MARLBOROUGH'S LETTER FROM TOURNAI.



LATE-FLOWERING ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have had during the last week quite a number of highly effective roses in bloom, conspicuous among which was my Waltham Cross namesake, which its raiser, Mr. Arthur William Paul, rightly regards as one of the sweetest and most fragrant roses in cultivation. Other varieties that have been flowering very effectively are Rayon d'Or and Constance (Pernet-Ducher), which have been glorious during the whole season, in Logan Gardens, in this peninsular parish; Hugh Dickson, a crimson rose that will not be easily superseded; Crimson Emblem, which is equally fragrant and prolific, a supreme favourite of Lady Beatty at Aberdour; Miss Mona Hunting; Mrs. Wemyss Quin, an exceedingly precious bright yellow acquisition; Prima Donna, of charming colour and fine formation; Margaret Dickson; and Snow Queen, perhaps better known by its less expressive name, Frau Karl Druschki. During the last month Mrs. George Norwood, Princess Mary and Red Letter Day have also been very floriferous and effective. When recently visiting Edinburgh, Cumberland and Westmorland I saw many exquisite roses still flowering with great facility and impressiveness.—D. R. WILLIAMSON, Wigtownshire.

MOVEMENTS OF BLACK-HEADED GULLS FROM FINLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In my "Report on the Results of Ringing Black-headed Gulls (*Larus ridibundus*) in Great Britain" ("British Birds," Vol. VIII), it was shown that there were no recognised lines of migration, but merely a scattering with a strong southward tendency. Black-headed gulls marked in Finland in 1913-14-15, however, point, by the returns, to two general movements, the one south-west and the other almost due south. *The South-west movement*: In the Baltic one was obtained on the island of Osöl, 1 23-28 months later, having travelled 262 kilometres; another on the island of Gotland, 7 11-28 months afterwards, was 486 kilometres from home; and a third was caught at Memel on the then Russo-German frontier, 2 months after marking, having travelled 560 kilometres. Another specimen was shot in South Sweden, 790 kilometres from its birthplace, 1 13-28 months after being marked there. One was obtained in East Prussia, 1 10-28 months later, having travelled 680 kilometres; two in Pomerania, 2 25-28 and 5 23-28 months afterwards, had travelled 955 kilometres and 980 kilometres respectively; while a fourth occurred in the Kiel Canal seven months after marking, having travelled 1,100 kilometres from its parent gullery. In Denmark two were found, the first on the island of Moëa, 5 13-28 months afterwards, and the second on the island of Sjælland 7 months afterwards, having moved 950 kilometres and 928 kilometres respectively from where they were hatched; and another had travelled 1,450 kilometres to the island of Grootebroek in Holland, where it was found 5 24-28 months afterwards. These three were all 1914 hatched birds. *The South movement*: Of those going south, one was shot on the south coast of the Gulf of Finland, 5 9-28 months later, having only travelled 88 kilometres in that time. One, evidently making for the Mediterranean, was killed in Austria, near Vienna, 5 27-28 months after liberation, having travelled 1,360 kilometres. No less than five actually crossed the continent of Europe and reached the Mediterranean. The first was shot 6 25-28 months later in the Adriatic in Austrian-Italy at Parenzo-Istria on the Gulf of Venice, the second being killed in Venice itself, 7 17-28 months after marking. These two birds, which were not of the same year, had travelled 1,800 kilometres. *The third was shot in the harbour of Bari on the east coast of Southern Italy, 10 months after it was marked, 2,200 kilometres away; and the fourth in the Pontine Marshes near Rome, Central Italy, 7 months afterwards, 2,240 kilometres from where it was "ringed." The fifth attained the greatest distance, namely, 2,280 kilometres, being caught, 7 12-28 months after marking, in Toulon Roads on the Mediterranean coast of France. Two of these five birds were marked in 1915, two in 1914, and one in 1913, so that they did not all travel together, as might be surmised; the Vienna record also being a 1914 bird.



PUTTING THE BRAKE ON.

As five out of the eighteen foreign returns reached the Mediterranean, and the Vienna bird was also evidently bound thither, it looks as if a large proportion of these gulls bred in Northern Europe wintered there. It must, however, be pointed out that there have been no returns from Central Europe since the 1913 birds scattered, owing to the war. Of the other returns, two were obtained close to where they were marked within a month, and another, twelve months later, was probably breeding in its parent gullery, this also possibly applying to two others, obtained two years and three weeks and one year and ten and a half months later, within 100 kilometres of where they were hatched.—H. W. ROBINSON.

SWAN-GESE HYBRIDS.

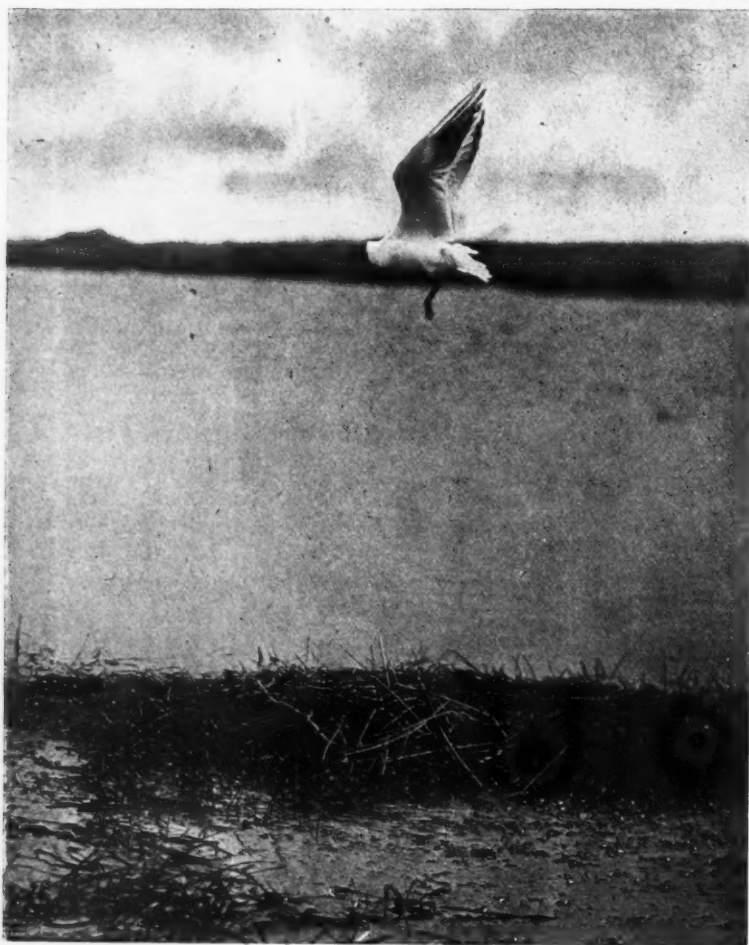
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the letter of "G. I. C." in a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE, the instance of a black swan—Canada goose hybrid—is certainly unique. The nearest approach to it that I can recollect is of a hybrid between a male mute swan and female domestic goose which was bred by a lady in Norfolk some eight years ago. I regret to say I forget her name, although she very kindly furnished me with full details. In this instance the swan was on a pond with two geese whose eggs were collected for cooking. One goose laid away and it was found that one of her eggs (on which she had sat for some time before discovery) was fertile. If I remember rightly, the nest was left undisturbed and the hybrid resulted, but although dozens of eggs were subsequently placed in an incubator, nothing more resulted; indeed, I think all were sterile. The results in both instances point to the conclusion that the black swan is a nearer relative of the geese than the mute swan. The hybrid was doubtless brought down to the home waters when flying over, probably by accident, so far as sense of direction went by the call of the parents.—ROSSLYN MANNERING.

CUCKOO PROBLEMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It does not seem to be generally known that the cuckoo is not the callous bird she appears to be. She does not neglect her egg after she has deposited it in another bird's nest, she keeps a watchful eye on her treasure. It may be of interest to your readers to know that two young cuckoos have been brought up by their parents on an estate at Welwyn, Herts, for three years in succession. I once had the luck to hear two cuckoos answer each other, meet in a cherry tree and go off together. They are such solitary birds that such an incident was a red letter day for a bird lover.—T. S. HAWKINS.



Arthur Brook

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BLACK-HEADED GULL HOVERING ABOVE THE NEST.

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THE APIARIST.

by John Dwerryhouse, Berkeley Square, was lately advertised in London. Which house in the square did he occupy? To what part of the kingdom does the surname belong, and does it still exist?—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

ON AN ALLIGATOR FARM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Quite a new industry has grown up in certain parts of the United States during the last few years, and this consists in the breeding and hatching of alligators. Alligator flesh has always been a favourite dish of Indians and negroes, and an attempt has been made to introduce it among other classes of the community. Its chief value, however, is for its hide, and, secondary in importance, is the oil which can be extracted from its fat. The alligator is more terrestrial in habits than its near relation, the crocodile, and is mainly a nocturnal animal, usually being found near muddy swamps and lying concealed during the day. Its diet consists principally of fishes. The eggs are laid in the mud and are hatched by the sun's heat, though the female is rarely far distant. During the last few years the eggs have been successfully hatched by artificial methods, and the accompanying illustration shows the alligators in the process of making their way from the shells.—E. T. B.

SELF-SOWN POTATOES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My experience of self-sown potatoes has been the same as that of Mr. H. Hodgkin. Some left in an unplanted part of my garden yielded an extraordinary number of large tubers. Unfortunately, I did not weigh them, but one root had twenty-four large tubers, and the rest were in proportion to this particular one. There were no small tubers. These were all British Queen, and, although the blight had been very bad in this part of the garden during the previous year, the self-sown potatoes showed no sign of it, although the British Queens in other parts of the garden were slightly affected by the disease. As I have a very large quantity of seed saved from my own growing, I am going to test the planting of a small patch of seed during the autumn, as I have always found self-sown plants yield better than the same seed planted in the usual way. My self-sown potatoes were not mounded up, the weeds between them being simply dug in to prevent seeding. The year before last, when seed was so

TAKING A SWARM OF BEES FROM A TREE TOP.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a West Countryman at Pixton, near Dulverton, removing a swarm of bees from a tree top. This man wears a veil in the photograph, but considers this unnecessary.—VICTORIA HERBERT.

JOHN DWERRYHOUSE, CLOCK-MAKER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—An Act of Parliament clock,

scarce, I transplanted, with a spadeful of earth, every self-sown potato that appeared above the ground, setting them into rows and cultivating them in the usual manner, and these potatoes yielded better than any other rows in my garden.—H. T. C.

A MISUNDERSTOOD BEETLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The beetle depicted is *Rhagium bifasciatum* (Fab.), which is common in fir wood and decaying fir stumps, and, although somewhat local, is generally distributed throughout the British Isles. The colour is black with the wing sheaths more or less reddish at sides and shoulders, and with two very distinct oblique yellowish coloured bands on each, covering a great part of the wing sheaths. The legs are black suffused with red, and the beetle measures 16mm. to 20mm. (five-eighths to thirteen-sixteenths of an inch). It belongs to the Longicornia, which is one of the largest and most important groups of the Coleoptera. The majority of the species belonging to this group are found in the heavily timbered portions of the Tropics, where they play a very important rôle in the economy of nature by their larvæ, which attack the trees as they die and begin to decay, thereby hastening their end and so thinning the forest. Six species of *Rhagium* occur in Europe, and of this number three are to be found in Britain, viz., *R. inquisitor*, *R. indagator* and *R. bifasciatum*.—ALBERT WADE.



ONE OF NATURE'S WOODMEN.

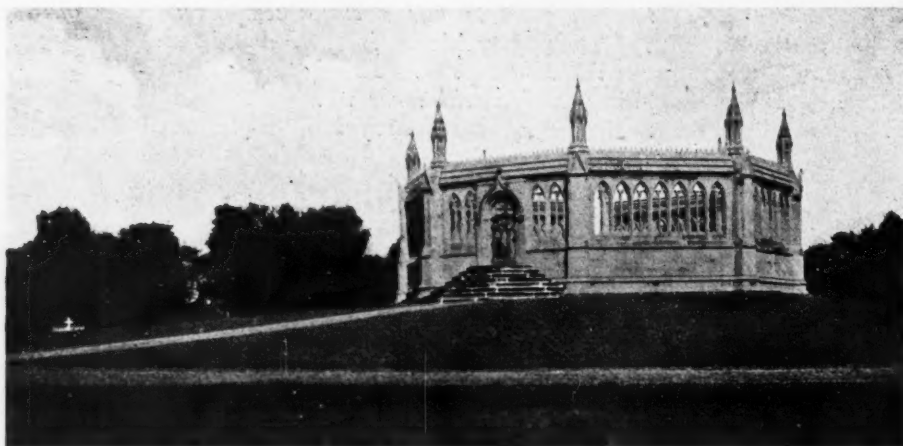


AN INCUBATOR FOR ALLIGATORS.

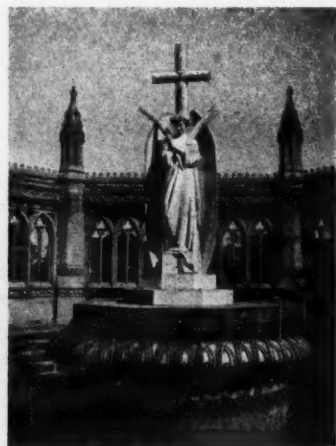
THE CAWNPORE MEMORIAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At a time when the question of memorials is so much canvassed these photographs may be of interest, though they wake echoes of old unhappy, far-off things. They are of a spot in India which has become, as it were, holy ground, for they show the memorial put up round the well at Cawnpore, which is associated with one of the darkest pages of the story of the Indian Mutiny. The small cross at the left marks the site of the house in which the victims, whose bodies were afterwards thrown down the well, awaited their fate. The angel figure shown in the second photograph has been placed over the well itself, though the bodies of the murdered women and children now lie buried a little to the right.—H. S. P.



THE MEMORIAL ROUND THE WELL AT CAWNPORE.



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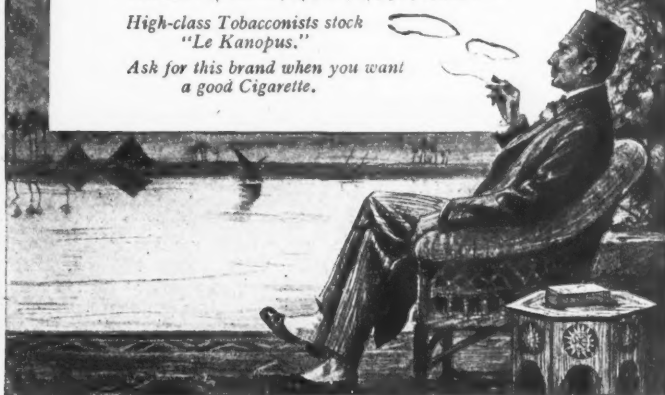
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BULBS FROM THE GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A very good way of getting spring flowering bulbs for indoor decoration is possible during the winter. In most gardens there are a number of bulbs in the borders, and a little searching will bring them to light. These should be lifted before hard frost sets in or during a mild interval. It will be found that such bulbs have, from the late fall onwards, formed a fine root growth and they are in first-class condition for indoor culture. Great care must be taken to see that no damage is done to the roots. The best plan in dealing with the bulbs is to use a hand trowel or fork, pushing this well down into the soil. Then lift upwards so that the ground is loosened. The bulbs may then be gently pulled away without fear of root injury. Any kinds of bulbs, such as snowdrops, crocuses, tulips, narcissi and any odd hyacinths may be lifted in this way. When the bulbs have been secured in the manner described they should be taken indoors and placed in a large bowl of water. Rinse carefully so that most of the soil is washed from the roots. Now secure any pots or fancy jars that may be available. Also get a quantity of small pebbles sufficient to fill all the bowls, etc. These pebbles may be washed out from gravel. When all the bulbs are ready, put a layer of pebbles, an inch or so deep, in each of the bowls. Then place the bulbs in an upright position, spreading out the roots. Pile in more pebbles carefully until the bulbs are about half covered. Moss may be added to improve the appearance, if

this is desired. The bowls may now be placed for about a week in rather a shady position. After this a place in a sunny window is the best. When the shoots start to grow, water will be needed about twice a week. Most people will be astonished at the rapidity with which the bulbs come into flower.—S. LEONARD BASTIN.

TO COMMEMORATE FALLEN HEROES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It would be a grand thing to commemorate the men who have fallen in the war by the planting of forests and woods in suitable districts. Surely this is a better war memorial than a mere erection of marble on which is chronicled the names of the dead. A fine tribute to the glory of the Worcesters would be a well planted forest of trees somewhere in Worcestershire. Then in time to come, when warfare has ceased, strangers will pause to enquire about the glorious woods, and will be told: "These woods are a tribute to a famous regiment; these trees commemorate heroes—the men of the Worcestershire regiments who lost their lives in the Great War." And so with the Wiltshires, the Welsh regiments and manifold others who have fought in this war. There are many who would like—who, in fact, would be anxious—to contribute towards the scheme. It would be a grand thing if this England of ours were made beautiful with glorious forests and woodlands in memory of the men who have died for their country in this the Great War.—D. M. SHEWRING.

TURF, STUD AND STABLE

I HAD intended this week taking a look back on the flat racing season of 1918 and drawing any useful conclusions possible from its outstanding features. But reviews will keep. The thrilling panorama of events of the past few days urge one to look ahead, and for the moment, therefore, it is surely far deeper interest to contemplate that time ahead which will be concerned with the poignant and absorbing transition from the abnormal to the normal. We are talking and thinking to-day of demobilisation and all its bewildering problems. Mobilisation was stupendous enough, extended as it was over more than four years, during which the machinery of war making was being expanded and perfected. But demobilisation! Government and Government departments are talking of effecting the necessary changes in months, even weeks. These notes are concerned only with horses and horse-breeding, and readers who honour me by glancing at this weekly contribution may be looking for light on this subject, a subject which is minor indeed compared with other giant subjects, but which, nevertheless, is an important one for those whom it may concern.

For instance, we are wondering when an announcement will be forthcoming of the intentions of the War Office in regard to the hundreds of thousands of war horses and mules we know them to possess. Captain Sidney Galtrey's articles in COUNTRY LIFE in the early part of the year told of the great numbers in France, the United Kingdom, and all the theatres of war. What is going to happen to them? We know that there is a great world shortage of horses in spite of the assembly of this vast army of horses in Europe and in the Near East and Mesopotamia. Every nation in Europe has been drained of its horses. Germany reached famine point some time ago, and was only relieved by taking many thousands of Russian ponies after the collapse of Russia. All enemy countries are in a perilous state for horses for agriculture and commerce. The countries of the Entente have been able to draw on North America's wonderful resources, and we who are in touch with horses and horse-breeding in the United Kingdom know well enough the alarming depletion which has taken place during the last four years.

How, then, is the horse population of our own country to be restored? It goes without saying, surely, that restoration is absolutely essential. There are not sufficient draught horses in the country to carry on agriculture as it is to-day. What horses remain are, for the most part, either very young or very old and generally unsound. Exceptions are those tolerably sound heavy draught horses which cost a minimum to-day of £200 apiece. But a great slump is coming. Tractors are not going to displace draught horses yet awhile. Then the big business firms, the railways and dock companies are badly in want of draught horses; smaller business firms and individual tradesmen want the light draught horses; and there is a place vacant for the repatriated hunter type of riding horses, especially mares, with which an attempt can be made to restore the industry of light horse-breeding. What is going to happen in regard to repatriation? I am informed on excellent authority that arrangements were completed some time ago to bring back from France animals running into six figures. This is good news, but there is no reason why it should not be confided to the public. I am well aware there is some anxiety in the public mind, for a number of correspondents have asked for information. They want to know what opportunities they will have of purchase, where, and how soon after the cessation of hostilities.

These are points on which the Government would be well advised to make an announcement. If it be true—and I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of my information—that there is an intention to repatriate over a hundred thousand horses (and mules I suppose), then the sooner we are told the details of the scheme the better. One wonders if the Board of Agriculture is taking a leading part in this demobilisation of horses. Here is where a Department of Horse Breeding, of which I am an

ardent advocate, would come in. Now is the time for a Director of National Horse Breeding to come into existence to take charge of these unique operations, to superintend in conjunction with the Remount Directorates in Whitehall and France the distribution of tens of thousands of valuable horses throughout the United Kingdom, in counties and areas where their different types would be most needed and appreciated. What a magnificent chance for a really great and large-minded man and a live Department of State! For on this distribution so very much depends. Failure would make a colossal mess of things. Success would go far towards building up an industry which has suffered tremendously through the never ceasing demands of the Armies in the field for horses. We do not want to see Shire horses offered for sale in Devon or pack horses in Lincolnshire, Leicestershire hunters sold in Wales and valuable ponies in Leicestershire. We want to see the breeds sent to the people who best understand and appreciate them; in fact, to the territories from which they were originally bought for war service.

I do most devoutly hope that the authorities will make an earnest endeavour to repatriate as many sound mares as possible of the thoroughbred and hunter type which Ireland and the hunting counties of England have furnished since 1914. I believe it is a fact that about half way through the war an attempt was made to ear-mark super-excellent mares of the riding and artillery classes for repatriation when the time came, but the fact of ear-marking did not excuse the good ones from the rigours and dangers of active service. Therefore it is not likely that the scheme will bear much fruit. We shall, I hope, witness the repatriation of those grand Percheron-bred draught horses which originally came from America and which have been the "star" performers of all the horses in France during these years of war. Grand war horses they have proved in constitution, stamina, activity and courage, and many a soldier who is returning to civil life after service with artillery or horse transport is hoping to work with his friends again in the happier pursuits of peace-time.

I am reminded in this connection of a communication just received from the Honorary Secretary of the British Percheron Horse Society informing me that the Society has now been legally established and that preparations are in progress for starting the first British Stud Book of the breed. Also that the President, Vice-presidents, and Secretaries of the Société Hippique du Percheronne of France, the Percheron Society of America, and the Canadian Percheron Horse Breeders' Association have been elected honorary members of the British Society. A fine list of members is also announced.

I have to thank an influential member of the House of Commons for the information that a meeting of the Horse Breeding Committee of the House was held last week. Sir Hedworth Meux occupied the chair—one recalls that it was only by a head his horse Dansellon lost the Cambridgeshire last month—and it was decided to seek an interview this week with the Prime Minister and press for an early Government decision in favour of the restoration of the full programme of flat racing in 1919. One cannot doubt what the answer will be, but there may be some doubt as to when the official "yes" will be forthcoming. I hope the deputation will not fail to emphasise the great importance to all concerned that an early acquiescence is necessary in order that racecourses, horses, and all concerned shall be made ready. The work of restoration with flat racing, as with all other institutions which have had to fall into desuetude and decay for four years, will take time, but where racing is concerned I am confident no time will be wasted in getting all the machinery working again at full pressure. There are prosperous and immensely interesting times ahead of those who breed for the racecourse. The mere thought of racing again at Ascot, Goodwood and Epsom is thrilling.

PHILLIPPOS.